

SEPTEMBER 17, 1921

Leslie's

PRICE 15 Cents



Sept. 17, 1921

Painted by G. Glenn Newell, A. N. A.



Civilization Is So Darned Complex

and life is so full of weird contradictions and everything, that it's a relief once in a while just to sit down and let things slide while we have a good laugh at ourselves, at the other fellow and at this egotistic old world of ours. This little pill on which we wiggle about will probably fall into the sun some day or get bumped out of its orbit by a drunken planet a thousand times its size and then a few of the millions of other planets will look over their shoulders and smile at the tiny "shooting star" cavorting through space. But before this happens let's have a good laugh.

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The Oldest Illustrated Weekly Newspaper in the United States

WILLIAM MORRIS HOUGHTON
EditorJAMES N. YOUNG
Managing EditorHOWARD E. MORTON
Associate EditorHORACE GREEN
Associate Editor, Washington, D. C.Established
DECEMBER 15, 1855
\$7 per Year; 15c per Copy

September 17, 1921

Published by
THE LESLIE-JUDGE CO.
627 West 43d St., New York

A TRIBUTE TO THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION

On the Occasion of Its Birthday—Written Specially for Leslie's Weekly

By Viscount Bryce

There can be no greater tribute to the excellence of the Constitution of the United States than that it should now, after one hundred and thirty two years, having received comparatively few amendments, be found admirably suited to a nation more than thirty times as large as that for which it was originally framed. For this, honor is due not only to the wisdom of those who framed the Constitution but also to the skill and judgment of the Courts that have interpreted and applied its provisions

James Bryce

FOR AMERICAN PROGRESS AMERICAN IDEALS
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EDITORIALS

Up to the Air in Ships

ACCIDENTS ranging in magnitude all the way from isolated deaths of lone "stunt" pilots to wholesale killings of entire airships' companies have characterized the past summer's aeronautic activities. The culminating stroke in the season's black series came with the appalling disaster that destroyed the mighty ZR-2.

What small measure of public confidence in the security of mechanical flight has existed is badly shaken. But public confidence has played a very minor part in the progress of aerial navigation thus far. Like every other originally hazardous undertaking, aviation in its infancy has had to fend for itself.

Lone pioneers went down to the sea in ships, crossed uncharted oceans, skirted virgin continents, and finally circled the globe, centuries before the generality of mankind took heart to venture out upon the face of the waters. Maritime navigation evolved in spite of public skepticism bred of disaster.

No more than the medieval tragedies of the seas stopped the sure progress of navigation will the modern disasters of the air arrest the swifter development of flight. The conquest of the air is a sinister undertaking, as these last months have proven, but it is no more sinister than the ancient conquest of the sea.

The same high faith and courage that led the early mariners around the world bides in the hearts of the men who quest the skies to-day. A like rich consummation will be the fruit of their struggles and sacrifices!

Have Women Names?

UNDER the above caption, in the *New Republic* Miss Signe Toksvig makes an earnest plea for the retention by married women of their maiden names. "The point of view," says Miss Toksvig, "is simply that if you have from your first conscious thought regarded yourself as Anna Maria Brown, you can't suddenly with any comfort regard yourself as Mrs. Thomas Smith, or a few years later as Mrs. Henry Green and then as Mrs. Richard Robinson. It is too reminiscent of cattle-breeding."

Miss Toksvig's sentiments are understandable, particularly were a lady contemplating any such elaborate matrimonial adventures, but her almost mystical enthusiasm for the name with which she has identified herself from her "first conscious breath" seems to leave out of consideration some of the facts in the case.

The present generation, however self-created, intellectually, it may sometimes seem to be, nevertheless had material forebears from whom its names were derived. Miss Toksvig, we take it, for instance, did not spring full-blown, including her name, from the soil of Denmark, like Venus from the waves. The label which seems so inalienably hers was borne, unless it be a mere pseudonym, by a long line of ancestors. At just what point in this endless line does the

magic begin? If Miss Brown feels that her Brown-ness must never be eclipsed by the alien symbol, "Mrs. Smith," what becomes of her daughter? Is she "Miss Brown 2nd" or "Miss Brown-Smith," and if the latter, what of succeeding generations?

A practical matter of convenience suggests itself here without depreciation of Miss Toksvig's general contention. The most logical scheme, perhaps, and one under which the individuality of each generation might be conserved, would be to do away with family names altogether, and let each child, as soon as its "first conscious thought" permits, choose a label for itself.

Travelogue on Eggs

THEY have had their annual Egg Day at Petaluma, again. There was an egg parade, and an egg "rodeo"—whatever that may be—egg rolling, an egg baseball game, an egg barbecue, and egg-citement of all kinds.

Petaluma, you must know, is a little town of 6,226 people and 6,000,000 chickens, in one of the sunny valleys just north of San Francisco. It looks like a dream of "fortunes-in-chickens" fulfilled, and walking round in broad daylight. There is a big plaster chicken at the railroad station and chicken-yards, white chickens and loose chicken feathers everywhere. One-tenth of all the eggs marketed in the United States are said to come from Petaluma. It produced 38,000,000 of them last year and 20,000,000 of them went to New York.

Why Petaluma, more than some other place? Well, it's partly the climate about San Francisco Bay, which is never cold, and yet as cool, after sundown, even in midsummer as New York in October, and this is good for the dispositions of egg-layers; partly soil and cheap water-transport down to tidewater and the main lines eastward, and as much as all these, perhaps, the mere fact that the Egg Idea got started somehow, just as automobiles did in Detroit and movies in Hollywood. The Petalumians got behind their idea and boosted it. That may not be it eggsactly, but it's something like that, anyhow.

Only 100 Per Cent. Profit

THE proprietor of a chain of candy stores recently reduced prices 50 per cent. He told the public through the newspapers that he and his fellow candy men had been making 300 per cent. for several years and that it was time they "got down to reason." Hence the cut which confined his profits to a modest 100 per cent. The deluge of favorable comment from the press must have made him feel like Caesar on the occasion of a Roman triumph.

There was a time—long, long ago—when a merchant would have hesitated before telling the public that his retail sales profit amounted to 100 per cent. But now—what a privilege to live in an age of such refreshing candor!

HURDLING THE SIERRAS

How it feels to fly from Salt Lake to San Francisco with the U. S. Mail

By ARTHUR RUHL

San Francisco, August 31.

A CONVENTION of some sort is closing to-night and the hotel lobby is packed with people. Decorated with badges and buttons, beaming with the unnatural brilliance and good-nature which surrounds such occasions, they mill dizzily about in the glare and tobacco smoke, clapping each other on the back, shouting out where they intend to go from here, assuring each other that they will meet again next year. Over by the desk a large man raises both arms impressively.

"Now, folks!" . . . he bel-lows, and explains that there is to be a dance in the ball-room on the second floor. Everybody is welcome—"and let's finish up with lots of pep!" Cheers and a surge toward the elevators and stairs.

All these people are particularly contented and carefree. Life seems to them more than usually radiant and spacious, and each appears to himself a larger, more confident, and more important person than he is accustomed to thinking of himself at home. And yet to me they seem strangely small and insignificant and, as it were, far away. And there is about them all, this roomful of faces, buzzing there under the hotel lights a curious pathos and more than common human wistfulness.

I go into the streets—those bright San Francisco streets, with the cold foggy wind blowing in from the sea—there are flags, crowds, bright windows, sky scrapers. And these things, too, seem small and far away, and over them also hangs that air of pathetic striving, of innate, if unsuspected wistfulness.

It is not, one must hasten to say, lest some indignant San Franciscan rise in his wrath, that these things themselves have changed. The change is in the observer. At breakfast-time this morning, this "I," which now, in rather dazed fashion, stares at San Francisco, was walking the streets of Salt Lake City, 700 miles away. At seven o'clock our airplane rose from Salt Lake field; at two, Pacific time, we swept down from the 13,600 feet that had taken us over the Sierras, and across San Francisco Bay.

For the better part of a day I have looked down on this earth of ours as the

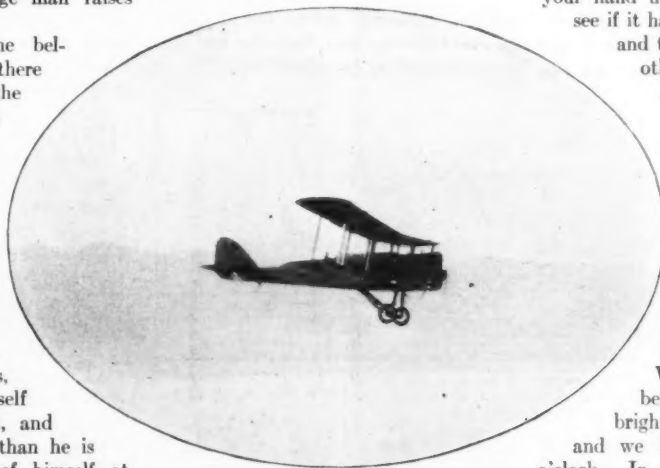
gods themselves might look at it. I have been outside the world and cannot at once re-enter it. In these busy streets, familiar yet strange, I seem to be a sort of more lucky Phaeton, who has somehow succeeded in dodging the thunderbolt and bringing safely across the sky to the West his chariot of fire. I look at all things not from the ground up, so to speak, but from the sky down. Men baking griddle-cakes and windows full of white collars fade into endless vistas of

nothing to wonder at but the bad service in the dining-car and the dullness of the magazines. If he were strapped to a chair on the cow-catcher and faced wind and rain for twenty-four hours, saw curves and red lights approaching and leapt out across trestles, even a train ride might seem something of a feat. Do you know what it is like to hurtle through the air at 110 miles an hour, two miles above the earth? In a wind that bore through as leather and woolen helmet until you put your hand up every now and then to see if it has not blown off your head,

and tears a bit of paper or any other loose thing out of your hands as if with demoniac fingers? And in a roar that drowns out everything but itself, even to the tune you try to hum inside your own head and the cough and voice in your own throat—so that nothing seems left of you but a flying sense of sight? I only report what happens to me.

Well, to go back to the beginning, it was a delicious, bright, still, mountain morning, and we left Salt Lake at seven o'clock. In the pilot's nest was Mr. Monte Mouton; French on the side of his grandparents, second-generation American himself—a slim, hawk-nosed young man who flew with our army in France. A cockpit, about a yard forward of the pilot's nest and just abaft the gas tank, was reserved for the baggage and me and a small bag of mail which we picked up at Reno. Most of the mail went in another plane.

Our bird was U. S. Air Mail plane No. 101, a De Haviland machine remade at the Reno field. During the war the De Haviland planes were called flying or flaming coffins, because so many of them smashed, and burned up in smashing. It was thought—though this does not seem to have been proved—that the gas tank was dangerously placed, and it is a fact that the fuselage was weakly made of frame and fabric and was neither rigid in the air nor as stout as it might be in cases of forced landing. The department is using up in the Mail Service old army planes, but these have been largely remade and strengthened—the fuselage of No. 101, for instance, was of stout wood—and its climbing and flying qualities seemed to leave little to be desired. The mail planes may not be the ideal type, but as the pilots seem satisfied with them, we may perhaps leave it at that.



One of the two machines—his own and another mail plane—which Mr. Ruhl describes as "two tiny dragon-flies hung on strings." When this snapshot was made, shortly after the start of the aerial adventure told about in this article, both aircraft were going at one hundred miles an hour.

forest, canyon and mountain range, lying not above, but below one's feet, and yawning there under a mile or more of empty air. I see river systems from source to mouth almost, with all the towns and farms and invisible humans in between—mere twisting scratches on the earth's crust like something you might make with your stick in the sand. The people buzz about under the lamps, the thick air rises—that hotel smell of food and tobacco smoke and feminine perfumes—and I see, thousands of feet below me, the sharp crest of the Sierras, the blazing white of perpetual snow, the unforgiving rock, and seem to breathe again that unearthly, thin cold upper air.

A little late, is it, to get excited about airplanes? They have flown across the Atlantic, and the Salt Lake-San Francisco mail is carried every day. True enough, but we take, I think, too many things for granted. A man rides in a Pullman car from New York to Chicago and finds



Pilot Monte Mouton by his airplane at San Francisco, when the 700-mile journey was at an end. His machine is U. S. Air Service plane No. 101—which, during the war, would have been known as a DeHavilland. The De Havilland planes, it will be recalled, were generally referred to as "flaming coffins." Mr. Mouton flew with Pershing's men in France.

Claire Nelson, also an ex-army flyer, and manager of the Reno field, had told terrifying stories of the bumpy air one was likely to hit going over the mountains—he had recently dropped into an air pocket, 300 feet like a shot, just caught a suitcase as it was bouncing from his lap over the side, and been kept only by the strap from following it—and I strapped myself in, therefore, as if we were going to spend the day looping the loop. Whether it was the perfect weather or Mr. Mouton's perfect flying, we had no such trouble at all. There was a little bumpiness going down from the cold air into the warm valley at Reno—one of the hardest places to fly, it is said, in the country—but over the Sierras we ploughed as steady as a church.

FIVE minutes after thundering up from the field Salt Lake City's impressive checkerboard was left behind and we stretched out on our course far above the blue lake. The bare brown mountains slept below, or squatted, so many wrinkled toads, on the blazing white salt flats.

Across this white desert ran a thin black twisting line and at wide intervals along this line crawled, with unimagined slowness, tiny worms of trains, less visible by themselves than through their black horns of smoke. At other intervals were wider, more irregular spots—the places of stations, water-tanks and round houses—and these, too, were black, and from the sky it seemed as if man had merely brought dirt into the soft harmony of this austere desert world.

The plane dropped with the sensation of an elevator suddenly descending, oscillated a bit like a small boat lying in a steamer's swell. Bumps? No—only Monty signalling that there was something to see. He was waving with his right hand, and behold, there beside us,

not the remotest sound nor feel of a click, so overwhelming was the noise and gale about us, and to be sure I wound round



Reno was one of the stopping places. The remainder of this caption appears on the unesthetic, but rather useful, edifice.

another film and pushed again. At the same time, Unger, driving the other plane, waved amiably and swerved nearer. Not so fast, dear Mr. Unger, although we appreciate your intentions—after all, we are up in the air! The camera was snapped and hurriedly returned to its case, and until he appeared later on our other shoulder, again waving with great good-humor, our sociable companion was brutally spurned.

Suddenly, through the pale blue haze that veiled the West, we raised a wall of snow-capped mountains. Their feet were wrapped in the brown desert shadow, their heads shining clear in the morning sun. There was no sensation of climbing, except now and then a slight and sudden lift as when an ascending elevator starts unexpectedly, but gradually the air grew cooler, then frosty and cold. The range dropped, dropped, and presently the granite crests and white patches of snow were underfoot and drifting backward, far below.

Time flies as it does when the

mind is centered on something else and I was startled to find, on pulling a watch out into the gale, that it was eight o'clock. The quickly changing altitudes, the incessant beating of the wind began to be felt in one's ears. The leather of the tight-fitting helmet was slit into flaps over the ears, somewhat after the fashion of a fish's gills, and into this crack, which on the ground would not have been noticed, the wind bored like a corkscrew until it seemed to strike on the ear drums like little hammers. I coughed and had a curious sensation of paralysis when I could neither hear nor feel the cough. I tried to hum—the same result. Only by ducking down into the comparative stillness and strange metallic hum of the cockpit could one a little regain one's sense of personality. There was a bit of paper down there under my shoes—a cartoon, "Gasoline Alley." I was reading the captions—"this is what people laugh at on earth"—when a finger of wind, suddenly twisting down, whipped it up and away into space.

I reached for a kodak, unlimbered it, pointed it over the side and pushed the button. There was

TWO hours passed. Suddenly the air grew warmer; lines ruled across the earth's surface swelled into roads; dark green dots lengthened upward into trees; houses disengaged themselves; there was a black beetle of an automobile—and over the roof tops (no doubt about speed, now!) we swept down on a long easy slant to Elko field. We had come 204 miles.

Mechanics refilled the gas tank, the mail was transferred from Unger's to another plane—Mouton had been assigned to carry me the whole distance—we shook out our legs a bit, and we were up and away again. Even more than Utah, it seemed this western Nevada



Pilots Mouton (right) and Unger, two of the cleverest aviators in the Air Mail Service to-day. To them a little thing like a journey from Salt Lake City to San Francisco is a mere trifle—simply a part of the day's work.

desert country became, from the air, a region of unearthly beauty. Naked brown mountains and stretches of dusty sage, ghostly white alkali flats and salt sinks, things hideous in their possibilities of impersonal cruelty, toned off at this height into carpets of brown and gray-green and chocolate, of exquisite softness and harmony. The very lack of human kind and of the artificial and arbitrary lines and colors which accompany them, only served to blend these velvety monotonies.

Two ranches I remember, somewhere, I should say, to the north of the Humboldt Sink. They lay on the tops of adjoining mesas which ran out into the desert like high promontories into the sea—emeralds set in dusty amber. One could trace by the green, although could not see, the water-courses that made them; and the white roads or trails that zigzagged up to

them from the flats. They were the only spots of green in their visible world and they had that curious charm of castles or monasteries on inaccessible mountain tops.

Presently we came to lakes and slender irrigated valleys. A finished irrigation project is always rather thrilling seen from an automobile—all the weariness and waiting, the loneliness and the silence, forgotten, as one whirls past the orchards and bright alfalfa, created as if by a wave of a wand out of the dust. But from a height of two miles one saw all this with a new and Jove-like eye. From the mountain snows that sent the water, down through the reservoirs and canals, to the farms that lay like leaves on the ends of bare branches, thirty or forty miles away, one could follow the whole magic in a glance. Years of work, millions of dollars, all the slow, patient



Unger in the mail plane cruising along about 9,000 feet above the earth.

human striving—it all lay in the hollow of one's hand. One looked down at it as one looks at an ant-hill and the ants dragging things toward it from the distance of a whole stupendous yard away.

Another two hours—the leg was of 234 miles this time—and at the foot of the Sierras, straight ahead, appeared the checkerboard of Reno. Long lines of poplars stretched up to meet us, again the air grew warmer, and suddenly, 2,000 feet up, perhaps, with an indescribable sweetness and comfortableness, came the smell of alfalfa fields! Again we swept majestically over roof-tops; turned and banked dizzily; turned and banked again with such a sudden silence from the motor that it seemed as if we were going to side-slip down, then somehow magically straightened out and settled on the field.

THE mail plane was nowhere in sight and word came that it had had to go down with engine trouble. Another plane warmed up and started back with a mechanic after it, while we swallowed a sandwich apiece, sent back the usual wireless report of arrival and flying time, and again took the air. California's eastern wall rises straight above Reno and we turned off to the southward and climbed fast. We were scarcely underway when over the rim of the mountains we caught sight of Lake Tahoe lying in its granite cup. One could see the lake, the mountain that held it up and look back to the desert to which its waters descend just as you would look over the rim of a vase of water set on a table.

We swung slightly to the right and flew straight into the sun. The lake dropped lower and presently it was slipping under us and a mile beneath. It was indigo blue, brighter than *lapis lazuli*, as vivid and unusual a blue as the wildest blue of Russian ballets, and along the shores on the southern and western edges was a band of green. All about were gray granite rocks and scattered specks of trees and patches of snow. Southward the jagged crest of the Sierras stretched to the Yosemite, only a short flight away; westward, beyond and below the granite crests, below the forests and foothills that lay beneath the crests, and vaguely seen now in its shallow concave immensity, lay

(Concluded on page 385)



The end of the long trip—San Francisco. Says Mr. Ruhl, in describing the termination of the adventure: "Deaf as a post, and still a little dazed, I could not, and cannot now, get over the notion that we had done something rather marcelous. But nobody else seemed to think so."

Here Is a Love Duet that Halts an Opera

An excerpt from the famous love song in Mascagni's "Il Piccolo Marat," especially written and autographed by the great composer himself.

So popular is this number that it brings nightly ovations of ten to twenty minutes, quelled only by Mascagni's personal acknowledgments.

"Il piccolo Marat" Act II

Adagio

Il piccolo Marat

A - vra - i nella mia mamma la tua mam - ma, tan - to
sot. molto a tempo

buo - na, so - a - ve — ed a - mo - ro - sa, — che ba - ce - ra i la
cres.

diav. e rall. un poco pp a tempo cres.

fronte inna co - la - ta — a Mariel - la mia, alla mia spo - sa!
rit. a tempo

rit. mf a tempo movendo f trett... p

Full Mascagni

MASCAGNI SETS DEMOCRACY TO MUSIC

By GILBERT W. GABRIEL

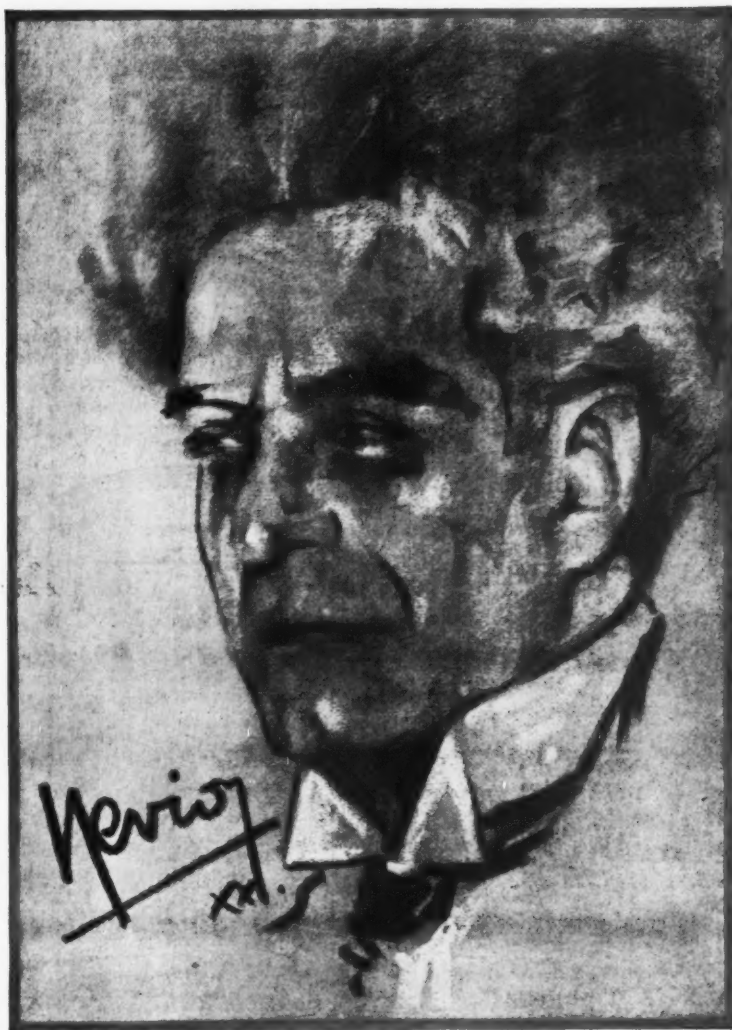
THERE is talk abroad that the King is about to bestow Italy's highest honor upon Pietro Mascagni and appoint him to the Senate. The composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," and now of "Il Piccolo Marat," has informed his friends that, should he ever be granted any such legislative opportunities, he will introduce a measure calling upon every Italian composer of note to produce one opera every two years. Then every six years, say, there would surely be one great masterpiece for the public to single out and cheer in the parade.

Something like a biennial opera has been Mascagni's record. Just thirty-one years have gone by since the night which brought the young music teacher from Livorno his sudden fame. His major works have been fifteen, almost all of them operas. Puccini is a dilettante in comparison, Leoncavallo was a mere idler. Mascagni is the one of the Italian triumvirate of modern opera who has thrilled two generations—and each with a different opera.

For in Italy, if nowhere else as yet, his latest work, "Il Piccolo Marat," won a furor equalled only by that which accompanied the first productions of "Cavalleria Rusticana." The common newspaper phrase for him in Rome to-day is "fenomeno-Mascagni." They talk of the curse being lifted; he is no longer the composer of one great opera. Leoncavallo died before he could break that curse. It hung over him, too.

Music critics and reminiscent old subscribers are filling the Italian papers with anecdotes to prove what similar circumstances surrounded the premières of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and the "Piccolo Marat." The crowd ran riot in the one, "smashing in the entrance to the hall, pressing and tumultuous in its assault upon the doors, so that the control of tickets was out of the question; ushers, attendants and police could do nothing against the impetuous crowd." And thirty-one years later the audience which attended the dress rehearsal of the "Piccolo Marat" at the Costanzi di Roma is described the next morning as "waiting impatiently, agitated, nervous, fretting for the opening of the doors and, as the hour of nine approached, almost battering the portals down and streaming into the hall."

Mascagni himself tells that, during the first wild days of "Cavalleria," the lights



The Mascagni of Today

A popular Italian poster study of the celebrated composer, now fifty-eight years old, whose "Il Piccolo Marat" is now duplicating the operatic furor that greeted his "Cavalleria Rusticana" in Italy thirty-one years ago.

of the house had to be lowered while he passed to his place in the conductor's box: otherwise the demonstration would last as long as the little opera itself and no one pay attention to the singers. There is a certain popular duet in the "Piccolo Marat" which causes ovations lasting ten and twenty minutes. The audience is never satisfied until the lights flare up and Conductor-Composer Mascagni is seen bowing in the midst of his orchestra, a fine old lion of the illumination. That happens nightly now.

Operatic history, in short, is sure to repeat itself—if only you give it thirty one years.

Italian music lovers in general, and Mascagni in particular, will not brook the opinion that the intervening seasons have been fruitless, however. There has been, if nothing else, "Iris." There has been "Amico Fritz." Both of these have been popular at home and abroad. Both have been heard for their several due

years in New York, and both been duly if not greatly liked. Be wary of speaking to Mr. Mascagni about the last two operas of his which New York has heard. They are "Lodoletta" and "Isabeau." He believes in them, as indeed Italy seems to have believed in at least the latter of them; and that, judging by repertory statistics, is more than America did. It is a bitter point with him that the Metropolitan Opera House would not produce his "Isabeau." There are more politics in opera than in New York upstate primaries or a game of presidential golf.

"If America thinks I have written only one popular opera since 'Cavalleria,'" says Maestro Mascagni, "then the years and the impresarios have dealt very badly with America!"

And though it is true that the "Piccolo Marat" marks the height of his return to favor, the roster of Mascagni's many works, the places they have been performed, and the number of times in each

place, would speak as only figures can to prove that his new success is no strange, haphazard winning of a gamble. The blunt failures of ten years ago gave place to the lesser successes of five years ago. He was learning, was experimenting as he learned. He believes, he says, in the taste of the people. He believes in searching and securing that taste. This list of his works is as various as it is long. It is the record of a conscious probing for what is most romantic in the public's ear.

The "Piccolo Marat" is aimed at the public's conscience as well as at its ear. That is one of the elements which have heightened its opportunity. Great operas have always had a way of mixing into national affairs. Many an innocent libretto has helped to overthrow a dynasty. The "Piccolo Marat" may not be a great opera but it comes at a great moment. It is set in the French Revolution, but the thunder of that warfare is too connotative to be missed. This is Italy of Socialists and Fascists, and it rings with rough-and-tumble choruses, hard-breathing perorations, defiance of Death, Despot and Devil. Toward the end it all goes up in operatics. There are killings all around, and lovers melodious to the end. The revolutionary element capitulates to the purely romantic. But for at least two acts Mascagni has addressed the Italian people openly and hotly through the Italian people's favorite means of grand opera. In only two of his operas has he ever truly had that chance; in his first and his latest.

Here, in briefest form, is the story of the "Piccolo Marat": In a little French city on the Loire, in the days of the Reign of Terror, a local old Tyrant rules with bloody hand. But the people discover his little niece Mariella in the act of carrying food to him of such a luxurious sort that they pursue her revengefully. She is saved by a strange young man who, in shielding her, addresses the crowd so stirringly that it dubs him the "little Marat." Her uncle, equally pleased with the youth, sets him to guarding the prison where unfortunate nobility are incarcerated. This is the youth's great chance; he is in reality the princely son of a noble house, and

is only waiting to rescue his mother from behind the bars. Left alone on his rounds he can disclose himself and his plan to his mother.

The next act is in the fearful sanctum of the Tyrant. Mariella is falling in love with her "Piccolo Marat." He confesses to her his real identity and assures her, in the famous love duet (the

tener of a similar one, quite differently conceived, in Giordano's "Andrea Chénier," now a favorite work in the Metropolitan repertory. A deputy from the chief council in Paris arrives with orders, only to be seized and pummeled by the people in a fury of choral invectives. A crazy carpenter arrives, maddened by the fact that the Tyrant will not accept his new patent for a Boat of Death: a rowboat which could carry condemned prisoners out into midstream, then scuttle itself and drown the prisoners with a pretty efficacy. The Tyrant laughs it all to scorn.

In the last act the young lovers are putting their plot into action. They have succeeded in making the Tyrant drunk. They can truss him up, release the noble mother and fly off. But the Tyrant breaks away to his weapons and mortally wounds the "little Marat" just at the end of the sortie. He himself is finished off by the mad carpenter who comes in and crushes his skull in revenge for not accepting the patent rowboat. The "little Marat" begs Mariella to fly with his mother, and the opera ends with a tableau which shows the "boat of death" sailing down the Loire, deeply laden with catastro; he.

So much for the libretto. Counterplot and counterpoint combine to confuse the opera somewhat. Neither book nor music are clear in what they intend, certainly not in what they accomplish. One comes away from the "Piccolo Marat" with a sense of stormy times stormily described. Something of the modern social sense is put into the modern mode of opera. Mascagni has written his music moodily, with much smoke, a

little fire, on the heavily arioso lines of the best of modern opera. Whatever is effective in it as aria is not set up in an artificial foreground. Scene piles tumultuously upon scene, the voices rising out of the orchestral commentary in a natural if often grandiose style. All in all, it is as direct an expression of Italian

democracy of today as "Boris Godounoff," a much greater opera, was of the Russian people of Moussorgsky's time.

To understand this element in the

(Continued on page

388)



Mascagni as he looked twenty odd years ago when he wrote "Iris"; and two scenes from "Il Piccolo Marat."

one which causes the the ten-minute ovations and the up-turned lights) that rank will make no difference in their equality; that his mama shall be her mama, and she shall be his bri le. They commence then to plot the princess's release and their own escape. The Tyrant sits in judgment on a number of victims—a scene which, like several others in the opera, must remind the lis-

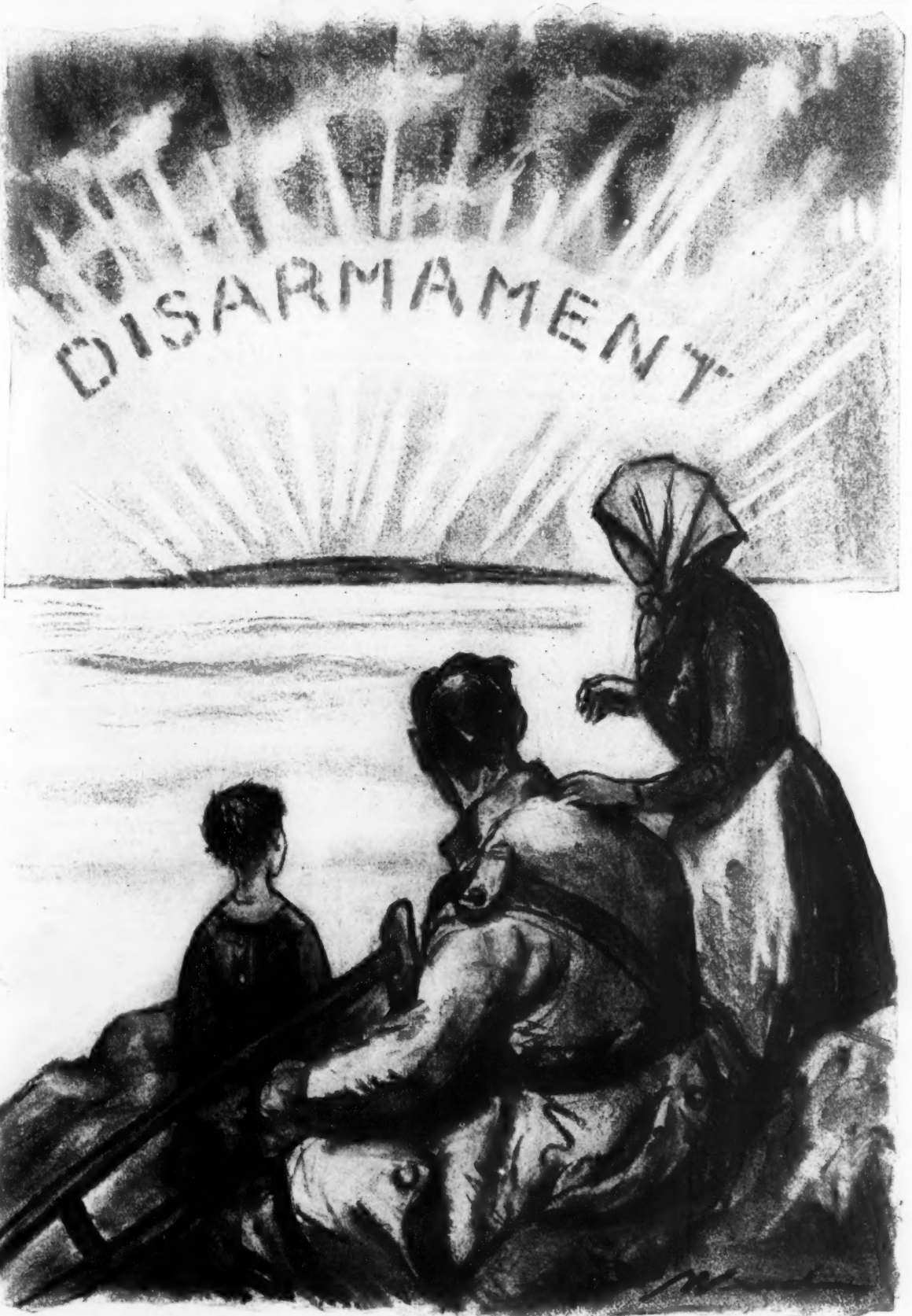


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388)



DRAWN FOR LESLIE'S BY CLIVE WEED

"America Is Still on the Horizon of Every Hope That Europe Has...."

—John H. Finley

BUTCH'S BABY

By PAUL SAND

Illustrated by WALTER DE MARIS

BUTCH McNAUGHTON was the burglar across the hall. He was the dean of Mrs. Mulcahy's healthful and comfortable room-and-board house in a closely occupied downtown section. Butch was a genuine burglar, but on the retired list, having abandoned his illegitimate pursuits for reasons he never disclosed and which he made plain were none of my particular business.

Though he was now a *bona fide* motor-man, Butch was still the picture of the

popular housebreaker. His frame was especially substantial about the neck and shoulders. His powerful, square face, with its heavy, undershot jaw and glittering gray eyes, picturesque as they appeared, were not a whit out of place on the bridge-deck of a surface-line dreadnaught. On duty he looked like a convict that had escaped in a guard's uniform; off duty he wore a projecting black cap with a prominent green stripe, and a baggy gray suit that might conceal a kit of plumbers' tools and the crown jewels of England, both at the same time.

His looks were against him, and the police suspected one or two things they could not prove, but there was no question that Butch McNaughton had reformed.

He told me personally that he had not even stolen a look at a cash register for over three years.

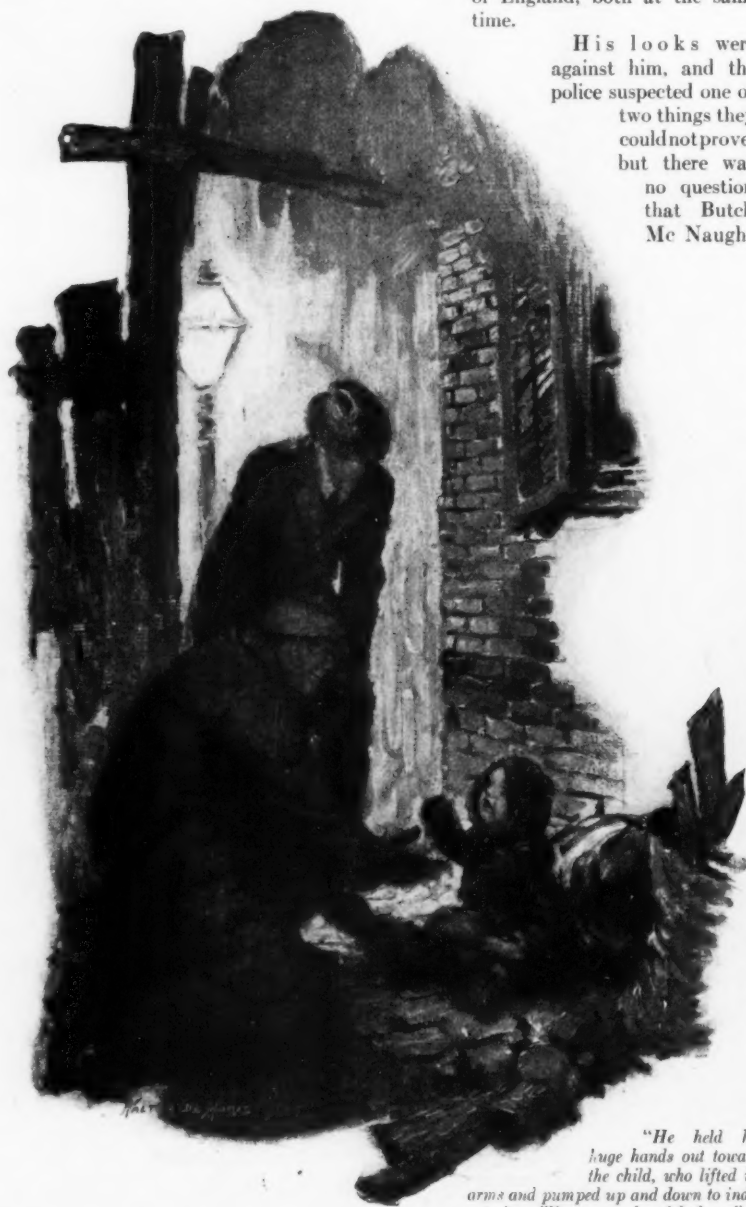
"I'm off it, lad," he announced emphatically, as he described the history of some of his souvenirs of crime. "I'm off it. No money in crowding a juice-wagon through a sand-bank of push peddlers and daft chug-charioteers, but it's a square game, and that's everything."

I was somewhat frightened by his outside-the-law aspect when I first took a room at Mrs. Mulcahy's, but he took a liking to me, and anybody's company was better than nobody's company. I soon learned to know him as a fair, outspoken, honest friend. We passed many long evenings together; he was full of tales of blood and battle, the like of which he no longer permitted himself to experience, except during rush hours.

When I say Butch was reformed I don't mean that he attended any orthodox church, or stepped out to help the aged or infirm across the street, or patted small, crying urchins on the head and gave them nickels to buy lollipops. Conductors might do that, but not motormen. Butch had straightened out the high-ankle kinks in his moral and legal conduct, but was not yet up to the standards of Lord Chesterfield or Sir Walter Raleigh or Florence Nightingale. His ideas of men and women were still unpolished, primordial, and rather callous. Whatever sympathy he felt for those subjects in life that are usually provocative of sympathy found little outlet in his speech. For him an aged paralytic was still "a dumb old geezer;" a prostitute, "an old bat;" a worn-out housewife, "one of these scarecrow women with a basket"; but beneath his unrefined diction and graceless expression I was conscious of a glowing warmth of human understanding.

The poets, or the philosophers, or the doctors, or the moving picture directors have decided once for all, or oftener, that love, though occasionally blind, is the greatest eye-opener left to mankind, and that taken as a stimulant, is fine for the heart. Love, they claim, is an emotion; and in common with other emotions, it releases in the human animal forces that could never be tapped by electrical treatment, massage, or even solution in alcohol. Let a man be in love and he will discover possibilities of which he or anyone else never dreamed. Without love he can never rise above the level of mediocrity or common inebriety. Butch McNaughton fell in love; first it landed him in heaven, and later in jail.

It was a freezing night in late



"He held his huge hands out toward the child, who lifted its arms and pumped up and down to indicate its willingness to be picked up."

winter, a night when the cold descends upon the metropolitan organism and not only congeals the running water and stinging finger-tips but grips its very spirit, holding it numb and motionless. Few persons were abroad upon the streets. Even the dogs huddled in corners and under steps. The frame shacks that filled every gap between more modern structures shrank and cringed from the icy air. Only brick and iron, asphalt and stone, seemed to meet the cold with courage, biting back chill for chill.

The rest of the roomers had sought the warmth of their beds. The impatient wind rattled the windows unheeded as Butch regaled me with the story of the famous electrified-safe robbery. In conclusion, he set about refilling his pipe. Finding he had no more tobacco, he suggested that we step down to Pete's to replenish his stock and get a Hamburg sandwich on the way back.

Our faces stiffened at the first contact with the outside air. The wind whistled up the street and carried from out the chill distance the cries of a distressed baby, the only human sound that met our ears.

"Hear that darned brat?" muttered Butch. "Prickly heat, I bet."

We supplied ourselves with smokes, and skirted the block for the desirable meat-and-onion delicacies. As we emerged again into the cold, the lonesome wail of the same dissatisfied infant seemed un-



"Screech followed screech, toning gradually down to an articulate wail, thence to a few stertorous sobs."

usually loud and near. Then we discovered why. As we passed an alley, the cry burst upon us with full fury, and, turning, we saw seated enthroned upon a heap of dirt, rags and rubbish, the cause of this breach of the peace. Screech followed screech, toning gradually down to an articulate wail, thence to a few stertorous sobs, which were followed by a fresh series of shrieks. A baby holding forth in such inappropriate surroundings obliged us to inspect the phenomenon more closely.

"Filthy little runt, ain't it?" was Butch's comment.

It was. Its face was the face of a miner. Its eyes were red and tearful. Its nose betrayed the most unlovely effects of neglect. Its clothing was colorless with dirt, but warm. It had no particular style. A worn but substantial shawl was suffering displacement by much waving of indignant arms. Wound round each tiny fist and each tiny foot and tied securely, was a woman's black cotton stocking. The effect was grotesque, a sort of hand and foot dumb-bell exercise, the full appreciation of which neither of us grasped until further interest drew us to the heap of rags and trash upon which the child sat.

Indeed, this pile was partly rags and partly trash that the wind had swept together, but partly it was a woman, scantily clothed even for a warmer night, and lying quieter than the trash about her. We understood instinctively where the shawl had come from; and quick to solve the more striking problems, both of us noticed that the woman wore no stockings at all. The drawn, white face and awkward, rigid arms told their story too: the woman was dead.

"The little dickens!" exclaimed Butch. "Ye want yer maw, don't yer? Well, yer maw ain't—"

Before he could impart this tactless information, a most unusual thing occurred.

Everyone has read Aesop's fable of the

(Continued on page 386)

'At the sight of Daurly, now removed from Butch's arms to a place of honor, on the desk, she cried out and ran toward her.'



A \$3,000,000,000 JOB

Something About the Colossal Task the New Veterans' Bureau Director Faces in Washington

By DONALD WILHELM

THE biggest insurance business in the world, the biggest pension system in the world, the biggest educational program in the world, and the biggest, the most intricate and difficult medical and hospitalization program in the world—all, with the passing of the Sweet bill, are headed up to one man, Col. Charles R. Forbes, formerly director of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance.

As a ruddy giant he looks physically quite as capable of swinging this job as he was capable of swinging a big war-time job with the A. E. F. As an engineer by training, he has the courage. Engineers have an axiom to the effect that nothing is impossible though some things are impracticable. "And this job," he said in an interview, "is not impracticable."

But it takes a courageous man to grapple with it—it is well known in Washington that the President considers it the most critical, and probably the most difficult, job in Washington. One after another director of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance has been unhorsed. Not one has left office quite gloriously—a fact that leads a great many to say that the job can't be done, quite gloriously. Clearly, if any man is to succeed with it, he must be a man with impassive qualities of persistence and a kind of cold fury that will drive over, around or through all obstacles.

The War Risk job has been from the start a man's size job, such a job that there were experts in organizing large enterprises who said that the seeds of death were in it at its birth. It was centralized in Washington by its charter; it has

not until now, by the Sweet bill, been given authority to decentralize its enormous activities. "It was," Mr. McAdoo told the writer, "the most colossal undertaking of its kind in all history. With inadequate office space and not even a nucleus of trained help upon which to

build, it was rapidly developed in the face of almost incredible difficulties."

"It was built up," Colonel Forbes added, "almost over night. I do not know of any business organization commensurate in size with it that was ever built up in twice the time. Every day we open here about 50,000 pieces of mail, and we represent

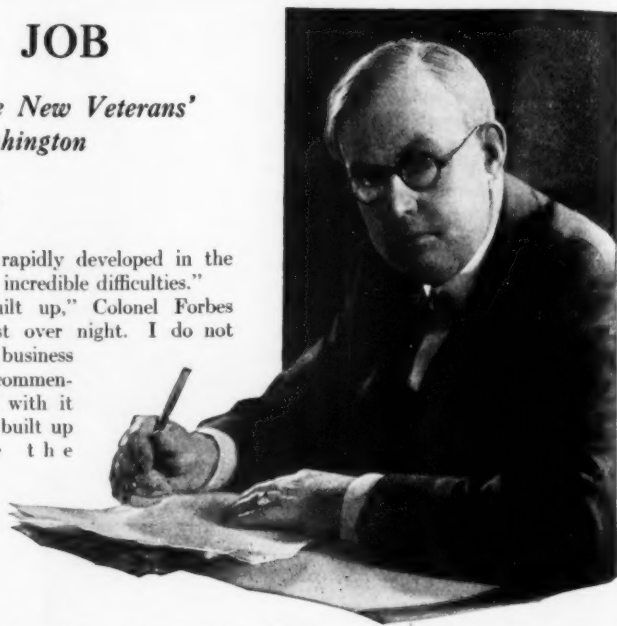
\$3,000,000,000 of capital—we carry that amount of insurance. We pay out in claims every month a good deal more than \$10,000,000 and the payment of every cent is governed by law. We have now on our own payroll 4,600 persons; the Bureau has had at periods three times as many. These ten millions we pay out monthly go to a payroll of 316,444 ex-service men and women. That isn't all! We have during the recent months been

clearing up insurance claims against the Government and have been paying out more than \$9,000,000 in such claims in addition to all other claims. Altogether, then, we are now paying out fully \$20,000,000 a month to ex-service men and women."

As may be judged, the Bureau of War Risk Insurance is in itself a good deal of a man's size job.

But so intimately related is its work with that of the Federal Board of Vocational Education, that Congress—at the wish of the President

and in line with his plans to reorganize the governmental machine—planned, in the Sweet bill, to consolidate the two veteran agencies, along with the work done by the Public Health Service for the veteran, in a Veterans' Bureau. For the present this Bureau, united under a single



KEYSTONE

The new Director of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance—Colonel Charles R. Forbes. Says Mr. Wilhelm, in describing him in this article: "As a ruddy giant he looks physically quite as capable of swinging this job as he was capable of swinging a big wartime job with the A. E. F. As an engineer by training, he has the courage."

director, is to be in the Treasury Department. It is the plan of the Administration, however, to make it, as soon as is practicable, one of the major parts of the proposed new Department of Public Welfare.

Colonel Forbes, as head of the Veterans' Bureau, is the director not only of the activities handled by the Bureau of War Risk, which are enormous and intricate, but also the director of the Federal Board of Vocational Education and the veteran medical and hospital activities heretofore handled by these two great agencies and by the Public Health Service.

The Federal Board of Vocational Education is the biggest and doubtless the most difficult educational program ever attempted. One authority has said of it "No comparable enterprise in the industrial world has ever been built up to such magnitude in such a short space of time." It is now re-training approximately 75,000 handicapped veterans of the war, 5,000 of whom are in training in 130 hospitals with 400 teachers, while the bulk of the others are in 1,800 educational institutions and 8,500 factories and shops. Checks for maintenance of all these men must go forward twice a month on time, and the tens of thousands of applications for training must be handled on time or—the Board comes in for one more blast of criticism.

But these are not all the difficulties the director falls heir to.

If any governmental bureau has come in for more criticism than the War Risk Bureau and the Federal Board, it is the



CLINEDINST FROM KEYSTONE

Representative Burton E. Sweet, of Iowa, author of the bill to consolidate the government agencies dealing with the former service men.

Public Health Service. In addition to all the other medical and surgical and related care required by the veterans, they need now about 17,000 hospital beds. Their demands are increasing so rapidly they will eventually need at least twice this number of beds. Altogether, 650,000 discharged ex-service men and women suffer from some form of mental or physical defect, including about 56,000 who are suffering from mental disorders and about an equal number who are suffering from tuberculosis. And there are so many other aspects to this phase of rehabilitating the veteran that in itself, it may be seen, it also is a good deal of a man's size job.

The success of the generous provisions

sity, he journeyed westward, answering the challenge of the West. There for years he has been vice-president of a very large engineering corporation with offices in Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane. Previously he progressed still further west, where West meets East, to Hawaii, where he was commissioner of public works and chairman of the public service commission and chairman of the harbor commission. It was he who directed the building of the docks in Pearl Harbor, which couldn't be done, people said.

Before that, when he was a young man, he scrambled up from the line to officer's rank in the Signal Corps of the Army, wherefore when he quit Honolulu to have a hand in the World War he came to be

and supplies, of the A. E. F. There, incidentally, he exercised sufficient knack for delegating authority to have leisure to take a personal part in the battles of the Somme, St. Mihiel and the Argonne. Consequently he is Colonel Forbes, not by right of primogeniture as in the South sometimes, but by right of record.

"Heretofore," he said, "the Bureau of War Risk Insurance has suffered from an infinitude of legal limitations, which people commonly call red tape, along with no little confusion of authority between it and the Federal Board and Public Health Service. Much of this red tape and confusion will automatically cease with the consolidation of activities. Here in the Bureau we have been steadily reducing our working force and steadily getting better results. I do not subscribe at all to the idea that the Government cannot be efficient. For instance, we are supplying insurance to veterans at a cost of \$1.15 per thousand which private insurance companies cannot supply at a cost less than \$8."

"But, considering the job in the large," he was asked, "do you think it can be handled?"

"Of course, it can be handled," he answered promptly. "Not only can it be handled in a way that will not merit criticism but it can be handled impressively. That is, if we are let alone and given half a chance. Of course the way you create anything big isn't by harpooning it or driving it to the ground with criticism that isn't helpful or constructive."

"But, of course," it was ventured, "Congress will get on your back if it gets half a chance."

"We have received," he answered, "37,000 letters from Congressmen and Senators since I took office on April 27."

There followed an eloquent little pause. Then he went on:

"There are phases of the activities to be concentrated in the Veterans' Bureau that can be standardized and simplified. The rest can be handled in ways that

have to be employed in the handling of all large operations. I realize that the job has large social significances; I should say that it is probably the biggest social problem America has ever had. Viewed merely as a matter for organization, the job is not impracticable. We expect well-defined authority and comprehensive development all along the line."



A wounded soldier being taught how to weave rugs at Camp Lewis, near Tacoma, Wash. The Federal Board of Vocational Education, which is seeing to it that the veteran learns to support himself, is now re-training approximately 75,000 ex-soldiers, 5,000, of whom are in training in 130 hospitals with 400 teachers, while the bulk of the others are in 1,800 educational institutions and 8,500 factories and shops.

made by the country for insuring to the veterans the emoluments and comforts to which they are entitled, depends now on one man, one director, Colonel Forbes.

Congress now ties all three of the great veteran activities into one ragged parcel and gratuitously hands it to the Colonel with the gentle reminder, "Colonel, it's yours to do or die!"

The Colonel does not care to die so young—and he is only a few years past forty. He has all his life instinctively hungered for the challenge of a big task—and it looks as if his hunger were soon to be satisfied. He has been looking for big challenges all his life. Coming from a distinguished old Massachusetts family and having got his training as an engineer at Columbia Univer-

in command of communications in all the intermediate area, between the battlefield



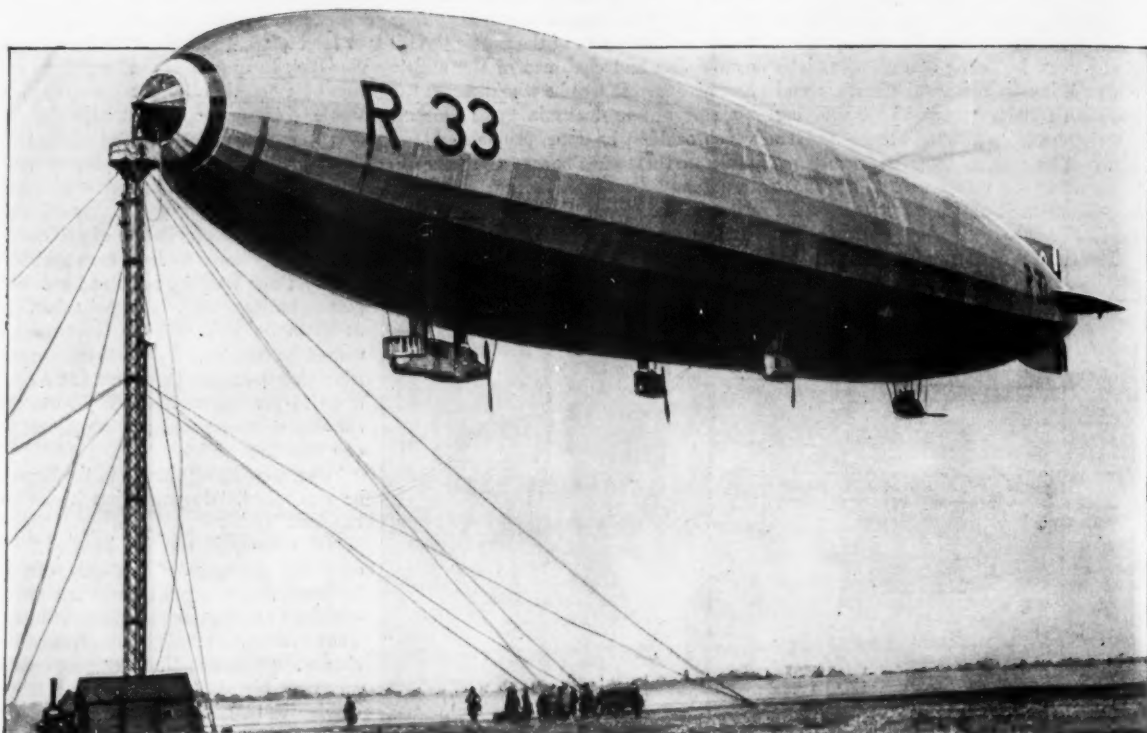
PHOTOS INTERNATIONAL

A wood turning shop in the Central High School, Newark, N. J. Altogether 650,000 discharged ex-service men and women suffer from some form of mental or physical disorder. The task that lies before the governmental officials charged with caring for them is, certainly, no sinecure.

WHY NOT BUILD AIRSHIPS IN AMERICA?

By R. H. UPSON

Captain American Team Now Contending for Gordon Bennett Cup



"Let us hope," says Mr. Upson in the article below, "that our Government will have learned its lesson to rely on American skill, ingenuity and scientific knowledge to build our own instruments of war as well as those of peace, to the end that each shall help in the development of the

other." Mr. Upson believes that, given the opportunity, this country can produce dirigibles equal to, or better than, such giant craft as this—the R-33, one of the greatest air monsters ever built in England. He says that the ZR-2 tragedy should not prejudice us against dirigibles.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Upson is now in Brussels, Belgium, the Captain of the American team, contending for the Gordon Bennett Cup in the International Balloon Race. Mr. Upson already has won the National Balloon Trophy for 1921, and in 1913 he won both the National and International Cups.

In addition to being an aerial pilot and navigator, Mr. Upson is one of the very few who have had actual experience in designing and building lighter-than-air ships in America. From 1914 to 1920 he was Chief Engineer of the Aeronautical Department of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, which built balloons and rigid dirigibles for the U. S. Navy. He designed the first unprowed kite balloon in 1915 and developed airships for the Navy in 1917. He spent 1920 studying the latest European methods of airship building.)

IF THE United States Government abandons the construction of large dirigibles because the ZR-2 was destroyed by an accident it will postpone the age of aerial transportation in lighter-than-air craft many years.

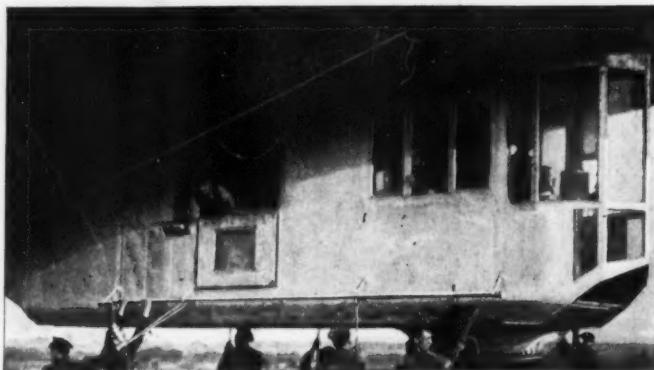
But should this nation relinquish its efforts to build up a strong lighter-

than-air flying force simply because one ship in which it was interested failed to "make good?" It is only natural that with the catastrophe of the ZR-2 fresh in mind everyone should be searching for whys and wherefores and for some constructive comment amid the clash of exclamatory expression called forth by the tragic wreck. The burden of my suggestions is well summed up in the title of this article.

There is no doubt, it seems to me,

that after we have passed through the period of experimentation, necessary to the perfection of any mechanical means of transportation, the large airships will be used most extensively for travel over long distances. It took centuries to perfect the ocean liner; the dirigible is not a quarter of a century old, yet the latter is as large as the former and has crossed the Atlantic more quickly by nearly two days than the fastest steamship.

Because the *May Fly* was destroyed by accident before the war, the British practically abandoned the building of dirigibles, but as soon as the Zepelins began to raid England, the British Government made all kinds of haste and spent all kinds of money trying to learn how to build dirigibles, copying German models shot down in England. This was a military necessity during the early part of the war, but toward the end British airship design developed into original



U. S. NAVY OFFICIAL PHOTO

The pilot car of the ZR-2. The great lighter-than-air flyer was an experimental ship, and, according to many experts, a poorly designed one.



UNDERWOOD

The officers who were to take the ZR-2 across the Atlantic. This picture was taken less than a week before the dirigible was destroyed.

and very effective airship channels.

In the present situation there seems great danger that airship development in the United States may be greatly retarded by the operation of motives similar to those which have caused such uncertain development in England.

Take the ZR-2 as an example. Why did the United States Navy in a time of peace offer to pay \$2,000,000 to the British Navy to build a rigid airship of unprecedented size? Our friends in the Navy might say it would be an experiment to try to build in the United States a rigid dirigible for long-distant scouting. The 'blimps' have nowhere near the carrying capacity or cruising radius of the giant dirigibles. True, but we have built them successfully in this country and we had to make a beginning with them just as other nations did.

Even granting that the rigid dirigible construction in this country would be an experiment, would we be doing any more than England is doing? Wouldn't it be much better for the United States Navy to let Americans experiment at our expense rather than any foreign power? Sooner or later we have got to come to it in order to keep abreast of England, France, Italy, and even Germany. What is a better time than now when we are at peace with the whole world?

But for the sake of argument, suppose we grant that

the engineers who designed the ZR-2 and the men who built her had had experience in building dirigibles. It must be borne in mind that the R-34 was not built by the Royal Airship Factory which constructed the ZR-2, but by Beardmores, Ltd., a private corporation. Yet despite

the fact that the Royal Airship Factory had built other dirigibles, the ZR-2 was an experimental ship, and it was a poorly designed ship.

There are certain accidents in aeronautics that may be excusable with our still imperfect knowledge of atmospheric

or weather conditions, but we have got past the time when a rigid dirigible should in fair weather break in two while making the first trial tests under full power, as now seems by the evidence to have been the case with ZR-2. Indeed, if reports are true, the trouble with the ZR-2, ever since she first had gas put into her, was the same as that with the Quebec Bridge — structural defects. Unfortunately the man responsible for the design of the ZR-2 went down with the ship. We can at least say he had confidence in his own product. But after all, what evidence is there to show that he was any more capable than American engineers might have been in the construction of a dirigible?

As far as I know, the only experience had by the Royal Airship Factory in the construction of rigid dirigibles, previous to the building of the ZR-2, was in making copies of a few German Zeppelins. Not only was the ZR-2 an experimental design, but the first wholly original design turned out by this factory. Indeed, the

(Continued on page 387)

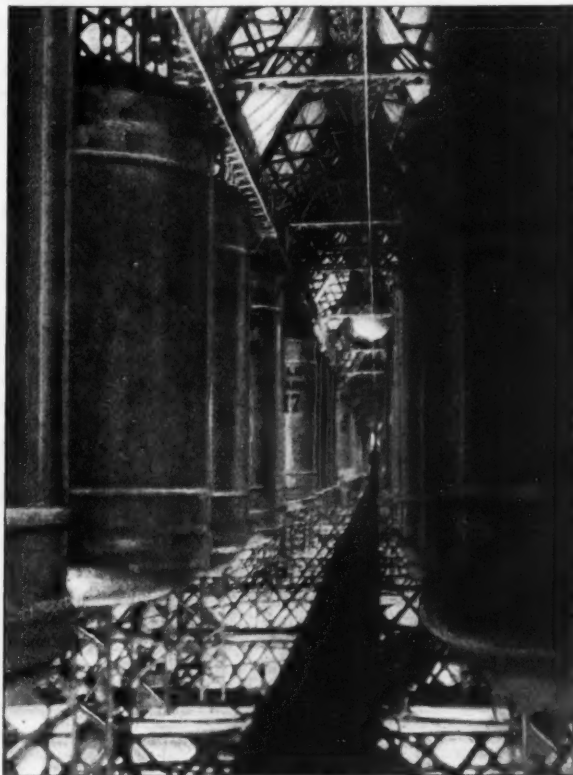
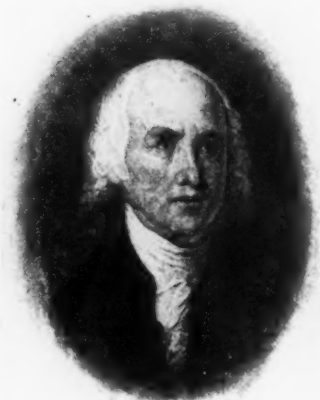


PHOTO BRITISH ROYAL AIR FORCE THROUGH INTERNATIONAL

The heart of a dirigible (in this case the R-34), showing the storage tanks and the runway from stem to stern. The tanks are not nearly so large as they appear here, and the runway is extremely narrow.



JAMES MADISON of Virginia



JAMES WILSON of Pennsylvania



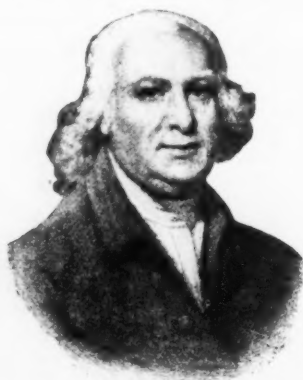
ALEXANDER HAMILTON of New York

GEORGE WASHINGTON
President of the United States

DANIEL CARROLL of Maryland



NATHANIEL GORHAM of Massachusetts



ROBERT MORRIS of Pennsylvania

A Great Day in Our American History: September 17, 1787

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

PHILADELPHIA, September 17.—In the same consecrated room in the Old State House where, eleven summers ago, the Declaration of Independence was signed, the delegates to the Federal Convention meeting at the capital under the presidency of Gen. George Washington, completed to-day a four months' session of deliberation and debate by affixing their signatures to another document of epoch-meeting importance in national history and in the history of the world—the Constitution of the United States of America.

The president of the Convention was the first to affix his signature, and thereafter all of the other delegates present followed suit with the exception of two of General Washington's colleagues from Virginia, Mr. Edmund Randolph and Mr. George Mason, and a delegate from Massachusetts, Mr. Elbridge Gerry.

These latter still fear that the new Constitution, even after the many compromises that have been written into it, will center too much power in the hands of a chief executive. Their protests, however, will be known to the future as purely personal, for upon the successful motion of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania, the document now stands on the records as "done in Convention by the unanimous consent of the States present." Rhode Island was the only State not represented at the meeting.

The features of this great charter, which is to become effective as soon as nine of the States of the Union ratify it, provide for the organization and powers, respectively, of the legislative departments, the executive departments, and of the judiciary, and specify the powers granted by the national government to the various States. It describes the methods necessary to amend the Constitution. It affirms the supremacy of the Constitution as a national charter and defines the status of contracts made by the various States before the new charter becomes effective. Finally it relates what is necessary to ratify the Constitution and to put it into operation.

All of these agreements were reached only after much debate and painful compromise—and no point was more bitterly contested than that concerning the powers to be granted to the nation's chief executive. The new charter provides for a President of the United States who is to be chosen by an Electoral College, and who is to serve for the comparatively short term of four years. This chief

(EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the anniversary—Constitution Day—is more widely celebrated in the accompanying account of what happened on this day. If a correspondent of "The Nation" in the United States has been in the national capital on September 17, 1787, writing what he heard

The Convention

ONE hundred years ago, when the American Constitution was completed in Philadelphia, it was transmitted to the States for ratification then in session. It was approved by the Convention of the United States at Washington, which met on September 17, 1787.

"It is obviously the duty of the Federal Government to secure all rights of property to each, and to interest and safeguard every share of liberty to every man. In all our deliberations we kept steadily before us the great principle that every true American has a share in the prosperity, felicity, and national existence of the Union."

executive will be empowered to conclude treaties, but with the Senate.

The upper house of Congress is to be composed of two members from each State, big or little.



GEORGE WASHINGTON of Virginia,
President of the Convention



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN of Pennsylvania



WILLIAM PATERSON of New Jersey



ELBRIDGE GERRY of Massachusetts

Famous Men at the Constitution's Birth, from Etchings by Albert Rosenthal

NOTE—The day which this issue of *LESLIE'S* *Illustrated Weekly* commemorates—Constitution Day—deserves to be much more than it is. The account of what happened on that day 134 years ago is told in the story in newspaper fashion, just as it is in the *Illustrated Weekly* newspaper. The story is present in a press gallery in Philadelphia on September 17, 1787, at what he heard there.)

The Convention's Letter

... hundred and forty-four years ago, when the American Constitution was completed in Philadelphia, it was immediately sent to the Congress of the Confederation in session in New York. A letter, signed by George Washington, which accompanied it, said:

It is obviously practicable, in the Government of these States, to secure to each, independent sovereignty, and to provide for the safety and welfare of all. Individuals must give up a part of liberty to preserve the rest. . . . Our deliberations on this subject steadily view that which is the greatest interest of the true American—the consolidation of the Union, which is involved our safety, felicity, perhaps our very existence.

... will be empowered to make appointments and treaties, but with the consent of the

... house of Congress to be a body representing big or little to appointed Senators.

But the House of Representatives is to be made up on basis of population, one Congressman to each 30,000.

The final settlement of the ticklish matter of slavery has been postponed by a provision forbidding the passage of any laws against importing slaves for a period of twenty years. Meanwhile, it has been agreed that fugitive slaves shall be surrendered to the States that may claim them.

The four months that have preceded this morning's dramatic session have been anxious ones; and though the Federal Convention has been meeting in secret confab, the anxiety of the delegates was widely known. Many of the best minds of America have gathered here and have debated in convention at the State House since early in May. The strain of the last day's session was tense as the hour of the final vote approached.

The first speaker to arise this morning was the venerable Doctor Franklin, of Philadelphia, the convention's oldest delegate, now in his eighty-first year. Because of his infirmity he asked that his observations and a motion he had prepared be read by his colleague, James Wilson, one of Pennsylvania's most distinguished orators.

What the Convention then heard was a patriotic but temperately stated appeal for unanimity of action, ending with a motion that the delegates of the twelve States represented go on record as approving the Constitution "by unanimous consent."

Mr. Nathaniel Gorham, of Massachusetts, rose next, and moved to increase the possible number of representatives in the lower house to one for each 30,000 of population, instead of one for each 40,000.

This motion was supported by Mr. Rufus King, of Massachusetts, and seconded by Dr. Daniel Carroll of Maryland.

Then came the really dramatic moment of the long session, when the president of the Convention, before putting the question, arose and told the assembly—first making modest apology for his remarks—what satisfaction he would feel if the form suggested should be adopted. Never before in the whole course of the summer's arduous labors had General Washington, except in private conversations, been heard in comment on any measures and the potency of his remarks from the tribune was felt by all. The amendment was accepted unanimously, and the Constitution was then enrolled.

(Concluded on page 389)



ROGER SHERMAN of Connecticut



CHARLES PINCKNEY of South Carolina

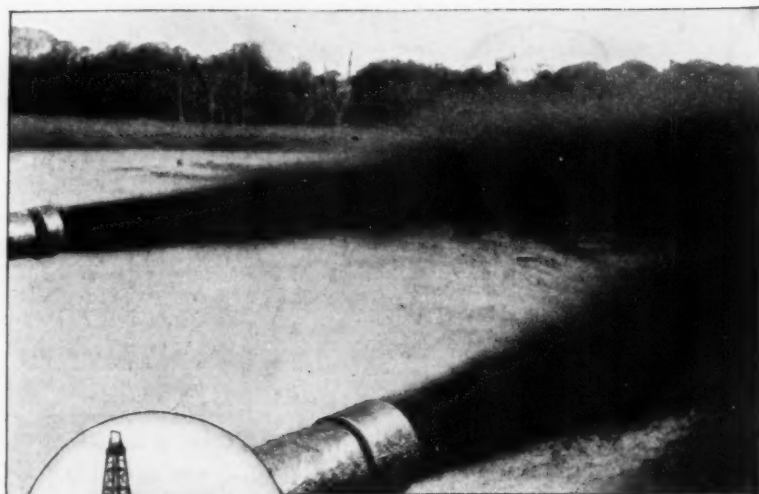


RUFUS KING of Massachusetts

THE NEW SOUTH AMERICAN EL DORADO

By W. NEPHEW KING

Late Lieutenant, U. S. Navy



A Mexican oil gusher, flowing 81,000 barrels a day. Says the author of the article below: "If the great oil wells of Mexico are doomed, as many experts claim, those of Venezuela will, doubtless, take their place and supply the world demand for petroleum. In Eastern Venezuela British geologists announce the discovery of the greatest undeveloped oil dome structure in the world; and six English vessels, filled to the gunwales with machinery, are now steaming there to begin drilling at once."



VENEZUELA, the land of Bolivar, is now in the dawn of an era of exceptional prosperity, for the world has just awakened to the value of natural resources which, for centuries, have been locked up within her fertile hills and valleys.

We need those natural resources and Venezuela needs that which we have to unlock the doors—American capital.

If the great oil wells of Mexico are doomed, as many experts claim, those of Venezuela will, doubtless, take their place and supply the world demand for petroleum. In Eastern Venezuela British geologists announce the discovery of the greatest undeveloped oil dome structure in the world; and six English vessels, filled to the gunwales with machinery, are now steaming there to begin drilling at once.

Even that vast and almost inaccessible region of swamps, the Delta of the Orinoco, is to be scouted for oil seepages by aeroplanes. Travelers in that part of the world have returned with tales of how the Indians lighted their homes with oil scooped out of natural pools. This oil, they say, is of such light gravity that it can be used for illumination without being subjected to any process of refinement.

Though these stories may be slightly exaggerated, they have been taken seriously by English oil men, who evidently believe that the aeroplane will solve the problem of prospecting in that uncharted triangle of Venezuela—the cradle of malarial fevers and dense with tropical vegeta-

tion. All that has delayed the development of this rich section has been the almost impossible barrier created by forests of hard-wood trees, any one of which would turn the edge of an axe, and mangrove swamps which no man could penetrate.

Nature has, in a measure, been kind to the oil hunter; for in her great laboratory, where the precious liquid is compounded, she has injected some chemical which withers all vegetation. Every bald spot, therefore, amid these dense growths will be easily recognized as an oil seepage. The airman flies low over these. A photograph is taken, and scientists prepare a topographical map showing the exact location of each section that merits further investigation. Then the oil companies will send engineers to construct roads over which the machinery which is required for drilling can be transported.

The airman's task will not be an easy one, however, as there are no landing places except on the surface of the many rivers that interlace the Delta. Hydroplanes will, therefore, be employed and the parties are to live in steel house-boats anchored in the streams. The type of machine used will be a supermarine flying boat with 160 horse-power engines. Thus will the aeroplane be the means of solving one of the most difficult problems that has ever confronted the pioneer in his quest for oil.

There is no doubt that oil has supplanted gold as a trouble maker, for as soon as it is discovered in some remote part of the world, the wheels of diplomacy have to be greased and kept in motion to prevent complications. We are living in the "Petroleum Age" without knowing it, and no better proof of this could be given than the recent ratification of the Colombian Treaty, paying that country \$25,000,000 for the loss of Panama. Nothing but a realization of the rich oil deposits, just across the Venezuelan border, could have so suddenly changed the sentiment of our Senate which for years persistently voted against ratification of this instrument. The present administration in Washington, however, was awake to the fact that nothing but the payment to Colombia of this amount could ever give Americans a fighting chance with the other nations in the scramble for oil territory there.

Some idea of this may be gleaned when it is known that the Standard Oil,



A typical South American river town—Ciudad Bolívar, on the Orinoco River. To-day many of these once sleepy villages that chance to lie within the extensive oil district are becoming centers of tremendous activity.

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through its subsidiary, the International Petroleum Company of Colombia, is about to erect the largest oil refinery in the world, with a capacity of 25,000 barrels daily, on a little island at the mouth of the Magdalena River. The same company has also announced that it will immediately construct 300 miles of pipe lines to transport oil from the De Hare's concession—in short, the first barrel of oil out of Colombia will cost the Standard Oil Company \$25,000,000. Though one might infer from this statement that the Standard is determined to control the oil fields of South America, the Royal Dutch is fighting it hard in both Colombia and Venezuela. Few realize that the Royal Dutch, next to the Standard, is the greatest oil company in the world; and that H. W. A. Deterding, backed by Sir Marcus Samuels of London and the Rothschilds of Paris, is second in power only to John D. Rockefeller.

From a very modest beginning, on the Island of Borneo, the Royal Dutch has extended all over the world. In the Venezuelan fields, through control of the Burlington Investment Company, it is a power to be reckoned with. This same company has also built a large refinery on the Island of Curacao in the Dutch West Indies, and all of the Venezuelan product, except that for local consumption, is now shipped there. While the Royal Dutch is Dutch in charter and Dutch in origin, it has become practically English in character and control.

The faith that English oil interests have in the Venezuelan fields was recently demonstrated by the organization in London of the V. O. C. (Venezuelan Oil Concessions) Holding Company. The authorized capital, which was originally \$15,000,000, was



Transportation problems are many and varied in Venezuela; but, where there's oil there's a way. This snapshot shows a rugged portion of a British railroad system between La Guayra and Caracas.



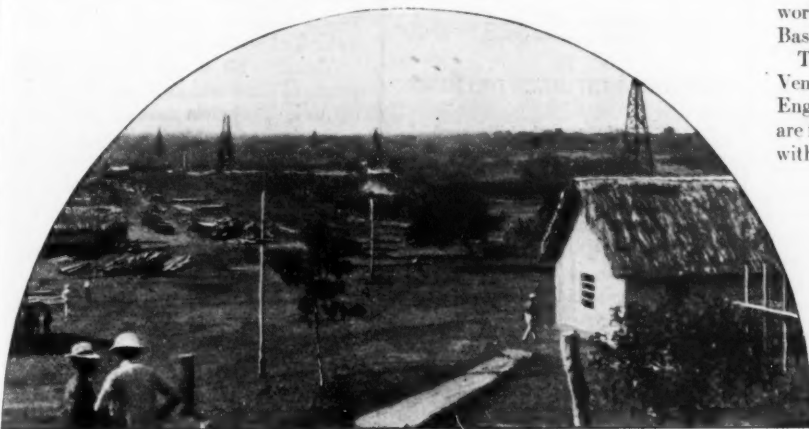
It is possible that the Indians of Oklahoma—to-day the richest in the world—will have rivals soon. Certainly the Carib Indians, of Venezuela, will have every opportunity to amass great wealth, thanks to the discovery of vast oil deposits in their neighborhood.

increased within a few weeks to \$500,000,000. The Royal Dutch, it is said, conceived this great organization and will control it for the purpose of competing with the Standard Oil and its subsidiaries in Venezuela. The circumstances surrounding the formation of the V. O. C. Holding Company seem to be shrouded in mystery. This was, in a measure, explained when the news leaked out that the General Asphalt (affiliated with the Royal Dutch) had just brought in a new well in the Mene Grande fields. When the oil sands were penetrated the force was so great that derrick and tools were "blown up" almost out of sight; and the oil gushed forth in such volumes that it was impossible accurately to determine the flow. In the opinion of experts this well, together with other geological features recently discovered, establishes the Maracaibo Basin as the greatest oil reservoir in the

world—greater even than the Tampico Basin in Mexico.

Though at least 75 per cent. of the Venezuelan oil lands are under control of English syndicates, American companies are fighting them hard for supremacy and, with this in view, some exceptionally

strong combinations of capital have recently been effected in this country. One of the greatest of these was between the Standard Oil of New Jersey and the Maracaibo Oil Company. The latter owns a number of concessions in different parts of Venezuela—but an area so vast that no one concern could afford to develop it. Test drilling had proven part of this territory, many of the wells coming in at



The Mene Grande field in the Maracaibo District. It is generally regarded as one of the most promising in Venezuela. A great gusher, which blew derrick and tools "sky high," was struck there recently.

of these once
dous activity.

1,000 feet and showing high grade oil of light gravity and with a paraffin base. These favorable conditions are rarely found in any one locality, so that the Standard Oil was not long in making up its mind to join forces with the smaller organization. An agreement was soon arranged by which the Standard Oil agreed to advance all necessary capital and do the drilling provided the Maracaibo Company would assume a part of the expense—this to be paid, however, out of production—and turn over a small percentage of its capital stock.

Three days after this contract had been signed, a steamer left New York for Venezuela laden with machinery for building roads and drilling. The outfit is now in the Mene Grande fields; and the locations for drilling have been selected. The first will be close to that of the General Asphalt Company the others in the Miranda and Perija districts. To oil men this means more than to the layman, for the departure of the New Jersey Company from its policy of "letting the other fellow do the guessing for oil," is indicative of the fact that hereafter the Standard will become a producer as well as a refiner.

THE next of the larger American companies to enter the Venezuelan fields was the Texas Oil Company and this was accomplished through the medium of the Carib Syndicate. The arrangement between the Texas and the Carib was such that another organization was incorporated. This is known as the Carib Company, and a five-year option on 51 per cent. of its stock was given to the Texas for \$5,000,000, on condition that it would advance \$250,000 a year for the development of the Carib properties. Though this option price may at first appear excessive, the Carib's concessions in Venezuela and Colombia amount to 8,000,000 of acres, and five years of intensive drilling may make this option price appear very reasonable.

The Carib Syndicate has had a meteoric career—having been organized in 1915 with a capital of \$200,000, consisting of 8,000 shares of \$25 par value. It first entered the oil game through ownership of part of the great Barco concession in Colombia, and was listed upon the New York curb market at \$175 per share. Soon the Barco concession proved to be a liquid gold mine and this, in addition to a 25 per cent. interest which the Carib purchased in the Colon Development Company of Venezuela, advanced its stock from \$175 to \$5,700 a share. These shares were then subdivided so that each holder received 100 shares for one and the stock again went on the New York curb



As yet automobiles are, like angels' visits, few and far between.

at \$57. Though such an advance in the value of a stock is almost without precedent in the financial world, the 25 per cent. interest in the Colon Development was considered by oil men more valuable than the majority, when it was learned that this was the interest of the original owner of the concession, Dr. Andres Jorge Vigas, and carried with it a stipulation that the owners of the other 75 per cent. interest would deliver to him one share of fully paid stock out of every four shares of new stock that might from time to time be issued. Dr. Vigas further stipulated that the majority shareholders should also furnish all funds necessary for development and conduct an active geological and drilling campaign.

The concession of the Colon Development Company was first granted in 1907 and includes the entire district of Colon in the state of Zulia. It was for a term of fifty years and covered by a "Code of Mines" far more favorable than the present one. No work was done on this grant, however, until 1913. Thus far, eight wells have been drilled, all of which show a very high grade paraffin base oil—the lightest that has yet been found in Venezuela. Some of these wells are said to have produced 5,000 barrels a day,

but as there were, at that time, no facilities for transportation, all had to be capped and shut down temporarily.

The enormous resources of such companies as the Texas and the Royal Dutch will doubtless, inaugurate an intensive drilling campaign, construct roads and lay pipe lines to tidewater. Another oil giant has entered the Venezuelan fields in the form of the Andes Corporation, recently organized under the laws of Delaware. The authorized capitalization of this company is 2,000,000 shares

of no par value. Four hundred thousand of these shares were immediately disposed of to banking interests for cash. The Andes Corporation was formed to take over the oil properties of John W. Leonard and H. R. Kunhardt, Jr., in Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador—amounting in all to 9,010,500 acres—of which 650,000 are in the Maracaibo Basin.

The latest American company to enter the Venezuelan fields is the Colonial Syndicate, Ltd., recently organized under the laws of Delaware. Though the Colonial properties may not be as great in area as many of the others, all that it has secured are in practically proven fields with excellent roads for transporting machinery and supplies. The Colonial's most valuable asset is "Monay," a 40,000 acre tract near the great Pauji concession.

THE Colonial has also acquired four smaller concessions which are regarded by geologists as of great promise. These consist of four tracts of 500 acres each adjoining the lands of the Maracaibo Oil Company, which are now being drilled by the Standard Oil, and known as Altigracia, Miranda, Mara and Zulia.

The Colonial Syndicate is also said to be negotiating for another concession of 400,000 acres surrounding its properties at Monay. This will give the young company control of the entire watershed of the Pauji River.

Although all of the largest oil companies of the world have scouts and geologists in Venezuela making detailed examinations of each concession as it is approved by the National Congress, actual development has been attempted in only one part of the Republic—that known as the Lake Maracaibo region. Even here, however, development has not been as rapid as the presence of oil justified; for in the whole district there is only one port, Maracaibo, and at this point there is a bar over which the maximum depth of water is only twelve feet. The entrance of the two oil giants, the Standard and the Texas, with their enormous resources and experience, promises an early solution of the transportation problem.

THE HOUSES

By

MARJORIE CHARLES DRISCOLL

*ACROSS the street the hill runs high,
The hill runs high and very steep.
And up the narrow twisty road
The little houses lie asleep.*

*Their roofs are drawn down like brows,
Their window eyes are all shut tight.
They sleep so soundly all day long,
And then they wake up, just at night.*

*I watch the lights begin to show,
And up, as far as I can see,
The houses open all their eyes
Across the street, and look at me.*

AS WE WERE SAYING

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

THE ADVENTURE OF THE EMPTY FLASK

"QUICK, Watson! The brandy flask!" cried Holmes, as our visitor

topped over on the bearskin rug and lay there with closed eyes.

"It's empty, Holmes," I replied. "There's not a thing in the house but gooseberry shrub."

Together we worked desperately to restore the exhausted man, but it was too late.

"Is he dead, Watson?" asked Holmes grimly.

"I'm afraid so."

"Damn! How many does that make?"

We reckoned. Doctor Tissington Glump from Upper Narwood had been the seventh; the mysterious man with the twisted eyebrow had been the eighth; this one made nine. Nine men, who had brought their cases to Holmes' Baker Street door, most of them after exhausting early morning journeys from the north of England, all had died there on the bearskin rug because there had been no brandy in the flask with which to revive them so that they could tell their story.

"Nine clients, Watson, and all dead!" cried Holmes bitterly. "This is what comes of having let that man, Pussyfoot Johnson, get a toehold in England!"

We sat a while in silence, moodily contemplating the latest body.

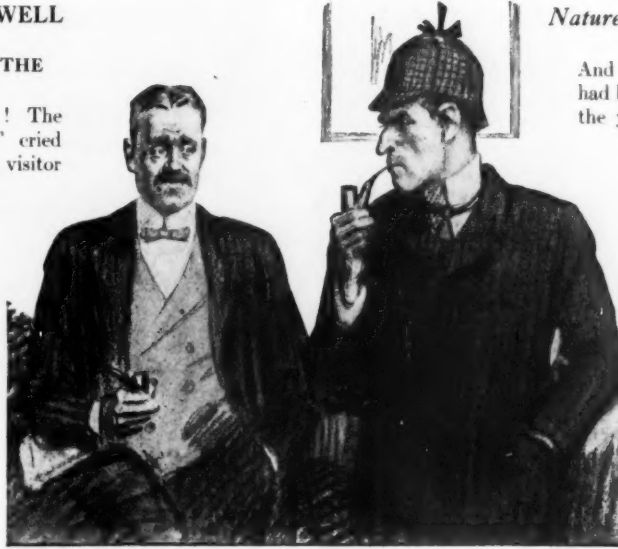
"Holmes," I cried, struck by an inspiration. "I am a doctor. I can write you a prescription."

The only consulting detective seized my hand.

"Watson," he said, more moved than I had ever seen him, "for the first time you justify your existence!"

* * *
The sudden decision of exemplary man that bobbed hair for women is improper, if not downright immoral, may have been inspired by the crafty Hairpin Trust.

* * *
The price of baby carriages is coming down. This will mitigate somewhat the high cost of loving



"Nine clients, Watson, and all dead!" cried Holmes, bitterly.

THE CENSORSHIP

JUST at the most fascinating part of the scenario, the part where Hilda and Raymond had been on the desert island for almost a year (living, of course, in separate caves), something happened to spoil the continuity.

Only that morning Hilda had said: "Raymond, my clothes are falling apart at last. You may gather me the palm leaves."

"Oh, fine!" Raymond had exclaimed. "How long we've waited for this day."

First, Hilda's silk stockings had gone; then her slippers. Next to succumb to wear and tear was her dainty camisole; lingerie was not made for desert islands; it was fit for nothing but a distress signal.



"There's one for you, too, in that straw suitcase"

Nature Studies by W. E. HILL

And now the pink ball dress—there had been a dance on deck the night the yacht went down—was but a thing of shreds.

Raymond was cheerful for the first time in months.

"We can put some real pep in the picture now," he said to himself, as he gathered the material for Hilda's new gown. "With her glorious hair down and these palm leaves—I must be careful not to pick any very long ones—she ought to be as good as anything the *Cosmopolitan* ever printed."

Whistling merrily, the newly cut leaves on his arm, Raymond returned to the beach.

Who was that?

Alone, disconsolate on the sands, stood a young woman in a severely tailored suit of dark cloth, the skirt within an inch of her high, buttoned shoes. She turned at his approach. It was Hilda!

"See!" she cried tearfully, pointing to a receding steamer.

Raymond dropped the palm leaves. His interrogation though mute was terrible.

"It's the steamer of the Desert Island Supply Company," Hilda sobbed. "They brought ashore a complete new outfit not ten minutes after you left. There's one for you, too, in that straw suitcase. They'll be back in a week to make any necessary alterations."

"I know!" raved Raymond. "It's the censors. They're butting in everywhere. And just when I had gathered you these beautiful palm leaves—short ones."

"Don't!" cried the girl. "I can't bear it."

She knew, as did Raymond, that the picture was foredoomed to failure.

* * *
Events have given the food profiteer a new line of talk. In answer to mild protests, he can now say, "But you must remember, my dear fellow, that we are feeding Russia."

CAN WE CONTROL THE WEATHER?

By HERWARD CARRINGTON, Ph.D.

FROM the earliest times man has sought to control the elements. For, of all the powers of nature, these seemed to be the most powerful and the most terrible. Therefore, if a man could control these, he must be wonderful indeed, and possessed of real powers of magic!

Accordingly, we find our "rain-makers" and "witch-doctors," who claim that they are able to make rain, in times of drought, or cause its cessation, in times of flood, who claim that they can cause the wind to blow from any quarter of the compass; who can create lightning or command the dreaded thunder! In Africa, Asia, Australia, and in our own country, such men have always existed, and their power has rarely been questioned by the natives among whom they lived. Only, in some localities, they forfeited their lives in case of failure! It is a good thing for some of our "weather prophets" that no such law exists in our land at the present day!

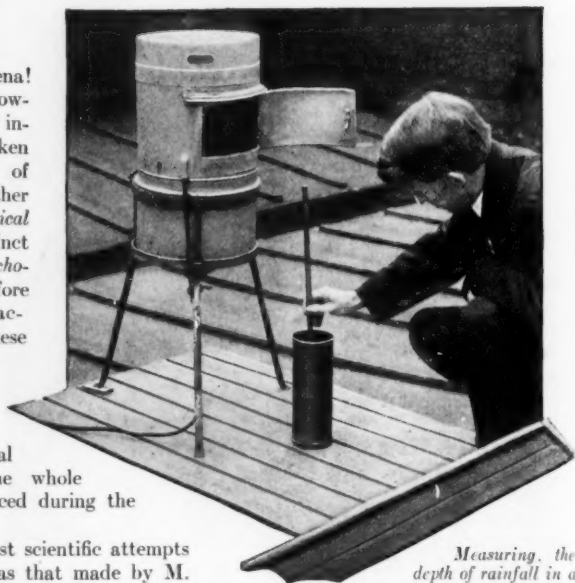
Among the American Iroquois, tobacco used to be burnt as a means of inducing rain. Catlin tells us that the Mandan had "rain makers" and "rain stoppers"; and that they used to command the elements with the utmost confidence. Among the Blackfeet Indians, a religious dance was held for four days, and during that time, "if the medicine man should drink it is sure to rain. . . ." Mr. Noble says that "the Chotawas, during a severe drought, will fasten a fish to one of their number, who then goes into the water and remains there every day for two weeks in order to cause it to rain!" In Africa, to-day, we find hundreds of professional "rain makers" who hold the implicit faith of the natives.

Methods such as the above cannot, of course, be taken seriously. Whatever results may have come about were undoubtedly due to chance coincidence. The native mind associated the natural sequence of events as cause and effect, and the witch doctor got all the credit

for natural phenomena!

Of late years, however, an increasing interest has been taken in the possibility of controlling the weather by means of physical methods—as distinct from the purely psychological methods before referred to. An account of some of these experiments will doubtless be of interest, in view of the remarkable and unusual weather which the whole world has experienced during the past few months.

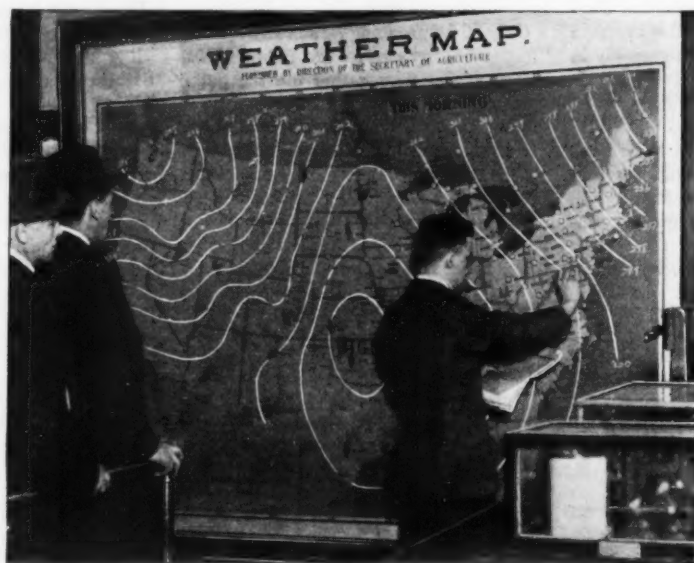
One of the earliest scientific attempts to "create rain" was that made by M. Baudouin, who stated that he had employed a kite to obtain an electric connection with a cloud at the height of about 4,000 feet. As soon as this connection was made, he says, a few drops of rain fell and a local fog formed. This disap-



Measuring, the depth of rainfall in a gauge at the Weather Bureau in Washington. "Can we control the weather? We cannot!" say the experts who try to predict what the "Clerk of the Weather" is going to do.

two antennae. Electric forces have not as yet yielded any positive results; nevertheless here is a most interesting field for research, which has not as yet been explored by any means. It is possible that decisive results may some day be obtained.

A second proposed method of obtaining rain is by means of great fires. An American meteorologist, James P. Espy, was the first to propose this, in a work entitled, "The Philosophy of Storms" (1841). Many years before this, however, a Jesuit missionary, Dobritzhofer, had stated (1784) that the South American Indians were used to inducing rain by setting the prairie on fire; and this idea gained such wide acceptance that it became crystallized into an oft-quoted weather proverb: "A very large



PHOTOS KEYSTONE

Numerous 331 degree weather fans daily gather on top of the Whitehall Building, in New York, to see the "isobars" and "isotherms" chalked up on the map. For years clever rain-makers, making use of all manner of queer implements, have endeavored to entice stubborn blue skies to yield water; but up to this date few of them have succeeded in accomplishing results that were unexpected by Uncle Sam's scientific observers.

peared on breaking the connection—presumably by withdrawing the kite from the cloud. Further experiments in this direction have failed to produce any conclusive results, however; and in fact, during the war, Sir Oliver Lodge succeeded in dispelling fog, to a certain extent, by means of electric waves, transmitted be-

prairie fire will cause rain."

Espy's theory was practically the modern "convective" theory of storms, and to him is due the credit for calling attention to the part which aqueous vapor plays in the mechanism of storms. This is, that heated air tends to rise rapidly, and, in

(Concluded on page 389)

Hurdling the Sierras—(Concluded from page 367)

the great inland valley of California.

Now we were, indeed, on the top of the world. And the world that we were above—the altitude indicator showed 13,600 feet—was a pin cushion of canyons, forest, and jagged gray rocks. Hold fast, O gossamer wings and quivering wires! Keep up thy thundering, O tireless and storm-defying monster up ahead! For heaven help us, if anything goes wrong here! "There's about half an hour up there," was Monty's comment afterward, "when you couldn't even land from a balloon, much less a plane!"

But the plane drummed straight out into the sun. The "bumps" of which we had been warned, and of which, in stormy weather, there must be plenty above these canyons and snow peaks, never came. Once I thought they were coming, but it was only Mouton rocking the plane to attract my attention to a forest fire that appeared to be about fifteen or twenty miles off to the northwestward. We passed the rocks and the sloping forests beneath, and came out far above the warm, flat, yellow valley floor.

THE Sacramento River twisted down from the north, the San Joaquin up from the south, and all about and as far as the eye could see, were straightly ruled roads and the yellow carpet of harvested fields. And these fields had a curious and unexpected appearance from the air. A farmer drives a reaper round and round a 160-acre field exactly as a woman crochets a table-mat except that the reaper works from the outside in, and the crochet needles from the inside out. Each row of grain corresponds to a thread in the knitting, and the valley was covered with these mats or "dobbies," some in concentric circles, some in concentric squares, but all having the look, from the sky, of something made with exquisite neatness and with design. When the grain was shocked the designs were more accidental, yet even here they seemed to arrange themselves, like snow crystals and other natural things, with a certain quite inevitable beauty.

The earth was drawing nearer now, the black snake of the Sacramento was underneath, and one could recognize the distinctive features of the California landscape—the tawny, lion-colored hills; the thick, dark green of the live oaks; the ranch houses with their low wide-spreading eaves. A sense of warmth and richness ascended to us, high as we were, and



The Road

By CHAS. G. CRELLIN

*ITS source is far in the wilderness
In the haunt of bear and deer;
Twisting and winding beneath the trees,
The trail of the pioneer.
A broken twig and a hatchet blaze,
The trodden blades of the grass;
Such subtle signs to the eye betray,
Where the packing trappers pass*

*It leads from the dusky forest depths,
To the cabined clearings born
Of the swinging axe of the lumberman,
To the stump strewn fields of corn.
And the oxen shuffling along it,
Are drawing the creaking cart,
Hauling the corn of the settler
To sell in the village mart.*

*Climbing the slope of the ranges raw,
Where the sweating miners bore
Into the depths of the mountain rock
To delve for the hidden ore;
To drop again to the lands below,
To the wheatlands of the plain,
Rutting beneath the wagon and truck,
Hauling the ore and the grain.*

*Linking the farms to the village and town,
And linking the people's toil,
Bearing the furs from the woodland trap,
Bearing the seeds of the soil.
Its source in the depths of the forest,
Its mouth at the city gate,
From a footprint rill to a mighty stream
It swells with the tides of freight.*

suddenly I noticed, straight ahead in the haze, the rim of the Coast Range and a pale blue strip of ocean.

The checkerboard of a large town—Stockton, perhaps—slipped past underneath. Then other towns and villages, factories and factory smoke, and finally as the earth came closer, suburbs and comical rows of bungalows, like houses in Noah's Arks.

The smoke-like afternoon fog had not rolled in as yet—there were the harbor islands and the Golden Gate—and we slid over the Berkeley hills and down across the bay.

We were still breathing the valley air,

that inland air soaked with the warmth of baking hills and wheat fields, but just as we swung down toward the landing, a sharp counter-current struck us, like something from a refrigerator. It was the breath of San Francisco itself, cool even in midsummer, and whispering always among its hills, of the sea and the East beyond it.

On this we swept down to the field, swung round and drummed back through the dust to the hangar. It was two o'clock, San Francisco time. Reno lay 190 miles behind, over the mountains; Salt Lake more than 800 as the railroad runs, as the airplane flies between 600 and 700 miles away. A couple of mechanics hurried up and I handed them the bag we had picked up at Reno. The plane with the regular mail was not yet in sight so that we had managed to "keep the service going" at any rate.

I CLIMBED out of the little cockpit, from which I had looked down on the wonders of the world, and shook hands with Mouton who grinned and promptly began talking shop with the field-manager. I pulled off my helmet and took the cotton out of my ears. Deaf as a post, still a trifle dazed, I could not, and cannot now, get over the notion that we had done something rather marvelous. But nobody else seemed to think so.

Two or three loiterers stared rather stupidly at the machine and us—but for that, the field was empty and still. One had even to wait about, in a sort of vacuum, as it were, for half an hour or so, for a ride into town. As for Monte Mouton, whose delicate "feel" and finished skill had brought us safely across those 700 miles, he hurried away as soon as he could to find his friends. For as he explained, apologetically, he didn't get to San Francisco every day in the year, and if the fog weren't entirely too thick he'd be on his way back to Salt Lake by eight o'clock next morning.

(EDITOR'S NOTE. Mr. Ruhl will contribute to an early issue an article on "The Antioch Idea," which will describe the fascinating new trail which is being blazed by a genius of Dayton, Ohio, in the field of higher education.)

Butch's Baby—(Continued from page 373)

burglar and the baby—or was it a Bible story?—and it would be a base plagiarism to reincarnate a pair so ably handled in the classics. The baby in the Egyptian original, as I recall, met the burglar on Christmas eve or Election Day or in the bullrushes or some such appropriate occasion, and by some occult system of hypnotism reformed him. Butch's baby, under the unfortunate handicap of encountering a burglar already reformed, was obliged to make the best of a poorly developed situation.

No sooner had Butch McNaughton made it plain that he intended to do the right thing by the baby by calling a spade a spade, than a most unusual thing, as I said before the interruption, occurred. The baby stopped crying. Not like the rasping, grinding braking of a train, but rather like the sudden hush of the wind, the loud wails dropped; and as warm tears froze halfway down the tender cheeks, the child looked wonderingly up at Butch. Fascinated perhaps by the striking character of his appearance, the black-fisted, black-footed singer in the night ceased both words and music and suspended the rhythmic calisthenics.

There was no doubt which of us had commanded the child's attention; the open-eyed stare of wonder centered undividedly upon the hulking, flattered Butch. I am never fully appreciated in Butch's magnetic company.

"Cold, I bet," sympathized Butch. "We better get 'm inside. Maw's dead a' right."

He held his huge hands out toward the child, who lifted its arms and pumped up and down to indicate its willingness to be picked up.

"Knows a f'ren' a' right," chuckled Butch, hoisting the ragged infant awkwardly to his shoulder. "We'll take 'm round by the fire, 'n' Bill, he'll run up to the green lights 'n' tell 'em about yer maw."

We hurried to Mrs. Mulcahy's, poked up the fire, and thawed the puzzled but satisfied infant into a good humor. It was a baby, all right; it looked just like one. It had big, blue eyes just like a baby, and hair that would be yellow gold after it was washed.

"I'll be running up to let 'em know about the corp'. They'll send the kid to a home, I guess."

"Say," Butch delayed me, looking hard at the youngster. "I hate for 'm to go to one o' them inkerbaters. Don't say nut'in' about the kid, Bill. Jest wise 'em up to the stiff; y'

might find out who she is. I'll fix up about the kid tomorrer."

The woman, I learned at the station, was one Mary Rooney. Her man, Mike, had taken quarters up the river about six months before on a five-year lease. She had had several children, names unknown, all of which were believed dead or lost. She had lived at Mrs. Bottomley's place until three weeks before, when she was obliged to depart to make way for a roomer that could pay. The body was not claimed.

All these things I recounted to Butch and to Mrs. Mulcahy, whom Butch had persuaded to attend to the temporary needs of the child as regards food, clothing, sleep and sanitation.

"Looks kinda bad fer the kid," mused my friend. "Sech a cuty rascal, too! Mrs. Mulcahy, you handle the grub 'n' get some clothes 'n' I'll pay the tax until we see what we c'n do."

"Sure; it'll be a j'y. My Tom is just the size."

Butch's foundling was a girl. Butch

was glad; he said no lad had a right to be so "purty." "Dawly," he called her; and "Dawly" Rooney she came to be. She found a welcome place in the hearts of the numerous Mulcahy clan. All through the morning she was as one of the landlady's own brood, playing as happily, yelling as lustily, and accumulating as much dirt as the most human of the Mulcahy. Dawly and Tom, being at the crawling age, were the most defiant of the effects of soap and water; and though it was not her custom to overhaul her own children more often than Saturdays, Mrs. Mulcahy, mindful of Butch's fresh enthusiasm, always arranged to have the more exposed parts of Dawly's make-up fairly clean for the return of the liberal motorman.

Butch was sure to go straight back to the kitchen where Mrs. Mulcahy was elbow-deep in the lunch dishes—Butch was on the morning shift—and inquire where Dawly might be found. Dawly, newly gone over with a moist dish-cloth, was generally near at hand; and Butch interrupted her favorite pastime of following the cat behind the stove by snatching her up to bestow his satyr's kiss. Then boosting her to his shoulder, he trotted her up to his room, where she explored new fields under the bed and in the clothes closet. In the evening I would be called over to enjoy the mutual admiration society.

"What are you going to do with her?" I asked about the fourth day.

"I decided to 'dopt her, Bill. I can make enough to feed 'er and buy 'er clothes; Mrs. Mulcahy says she'll look after her, 'n' nobody'll be the wiser."

He had great plans for her. He was going to send her away to school when she reached the mature age of four. The Mulcahys were all right, Butch said, in their class; but Dawly was going to be "edjicated" and be a lady. With complete seminary and college courses as a beginning, Dawly would probably be president, or at least marry the Prince of Wales.

"That's going to take a pile of kale," I remarked skeptically. The smile in my mind was kept back by the jocular earnestness of his hopeful prophecies.

"What it takes, we got," he answered idiomatically. He thrust his hand into the lining of his coat and showed me a roll of bills that made me gasp.

"Have you saved all that?"

"Yeah, I saved it last night," he replied with a twinkle. "The

(Continued on page 393)



A SEPTEMBER ROUNDEL

By LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

Decorated by EDWIN A. GOEWEY

*FAIR Summer dies—she fades away;
The truth is hard to realize;
Yet though she lingers, fain to stay,
Fair Summer dies.*

*She smiles to hide it from our eyes,
And golden day succeedeth day;
The world in languorous stillness lies.
Vain hopes are fostered by delay
To cheat Death of his lovely prize;
With flush of beauty in decay
Fair Summer dies!*



Why Not Build Airships in America?—(Continued from page 377)

only previous experience in original British design is that of the Vickers Works, where several meritorious designs of rigid airships have been worked out. The *R-80* built by this firm is as fine a ship for its size as any in existence.

Evidently the Vickers Company, as well as a prominent American manufacturer of smaller airships, was ignored in the awarding of the contract for building the *ZR-2*. The American firm was fully capable of handling the job. It had the personnel, the equipment. It put in a bid for a ship similar in size to the *ZR-2*, and agreed to put up all the capital required, except for the hangar. For this one item only a temporary loan was requested to be advanced by the Government. It will be noted that the American Government had advanced 50 per cent. of the funds for the completion of the *ZR-2* when the disaster occurred over the River Humber. The American firm agreed to pay back the loan from 100 per cent. of the profits until the hangar was completely paid for. But the order was, nevertheless, placed in a foreign country.

It was, of course, possible in ordering an airship to be built abroad for the American aeronautical engineers to get some very valuable experience by having our designers work in co-operation with the British design staff. Even this possibility was almost completely overlooked, for from the day the construction of the ship was started until it was finished there has not been a single American designing engineer of any reputation who has been in direct contact with the work.

This should be nothing if not a lesson. Yet we find exactly the same situation in this country as that which obtained in England when the building of the *ZR-2* was undertaken by the Royal Airship Factory. At the time the *ZR-2* order was awarded to the British Navy, the United States Navy with equal self-assurance turned down all the proposals of private industry and started the construction of the *ZR-1* at Philadelphia, and although the orders for these two ships were placed at about the same time, hardly more than a few parts for the latter have yet been assembled. But worst of all the airship the Navy is building is on an old plan.

The *ZR-1* is in design a close copy of the German Zeppelins of the year 1916, and, at a conservative estimate, it will probably be 1923 before the ship is finished, which will put the design seven years out of date. That disposes of the purely naval value that may be in the airship itself. For the \$4,000,000 or

more that this ship will cost this country, two ships could have been made by a private concern with money to spare. And in the end what will we have to justify the expenditure?

Undoubtedly a considerable number of men will be educated in the preparation and interpretation of airship drawings, in the methods of manufacture and assembly of this type of ship, including the making of joints, wiring, fabric work,

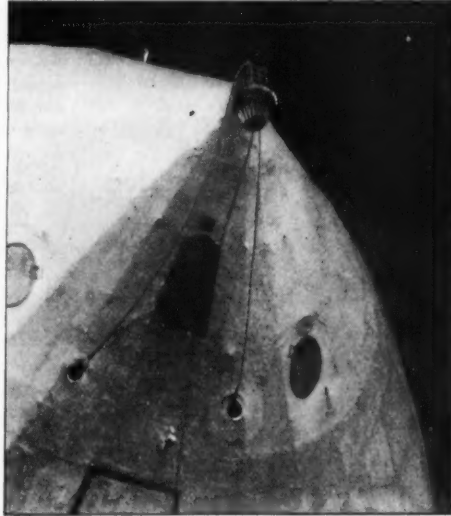
mittee, stated that the order to build the *ZR-2* was placed in England because there were no aircraft manufacturers in this country with the tools, the equipment, or the factory to build such a giant. Of course there cannot be any unless we begin to receive orders. England has subsidized her steamship industry and also her aircraft industry. Until the airship has demonstrated its commercial utility, the industry in America must be aided in its development at least by receiving orders from the Government. The art and the industry must be coordinated and the growth must be simultaneous, to get the best results.

As a matter of fact, there are two private corporations in the United States at the present time which could successfully construct a large airship of improved type. Sooner or later, like Britain, we shall have to construct airships in this country for long distant scouting over the sea to notify our naval and military forces of the approach of hostile fleets, and to direct the course of our battle-ships. But, we can never build airships unless we encourage the industry and we cannot encourage an industry unless the Government places its orders with the manufacturers in this country and co-operates with them.

The time has gone by when we say an airship is a good airship because it is a 'rigid.' The *ZR-2* was the largest dirigible ever built. It was an experiment 50 feet longer, 5 feet wider in diameter, and buoyed up by 700,000 more cubic feet of gas than the *R-34*. In its construction one of the many new experiments was to run the 'gas pressure' wires circumferentially and not diagonally, as in the case of the *R-34*. This undoubtedly weakened the frame amidships and due to faulty calculations in determining the tensile strength of the longitudinal girders at that point, the ship showed

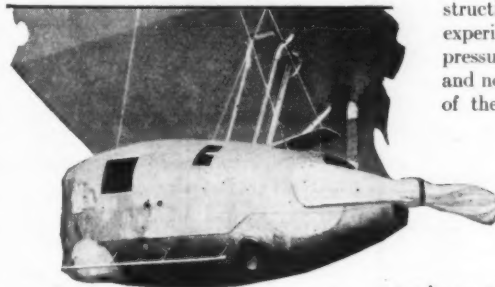
a tendency to buckle. Apparently for that reason they were reinforced after the first flight, but when subjected to lateral pressure of air in turning under full power, the girders buckled in the center. Explosions followed, but whether the hydrogen or the petrol exploded, it is hard to tell. All this tends to prove that the disaster was due to an engineering error in the construction of the frame of an airship built to prove a theory. American engineers could have done no worse. The thing that is hard to understand is not so much that this experiment was a stupendous failure, but that the United States Navy Department awarded the contract to foreign experimenters and not to an American firm.

Of course experimentation has got to
(Concluded on page 392)



U. S. NAVY OFFICIAL PHOTO

The "nose" of the *ZR-2*. A nose is almost as essential to the well-being of a dirigible as it is in the case of a human being. Through it passes the cable which holds the ship to the anchoring mast during periods of rest.



UNDERWOOD

A close-up of one of the gondolas of the *ZR-2*.

etc. That this is of some value to the country and the industry it would be idle to question. But after all, are we getting the full value for the amount of money spent? Thus, though the *ZR-1*, now building in this country, may be thought to be an American product it is being constructed after an obsolete German design that will make it hopelessly out of date when completed.

By all means let us finish the *ZR-1* and make it a success, but let us hope the very next unit will be a real American product.

The late Lieutenant-Commander Maxfield, at a hearing before the Senate Com-

Mascagni Sets Democracy to Music—(Continued from page 370)

"Piccolo Marat" it is necessary to understand Mascagni himself. He has preserved the best Wagnerian traditions in casting in his lot with the revolutionists. He did not hesitate to address the Socialist workmen about a year ago and tell them that their cause was right. He publicly promised them that he would write them a hymn of their own—and you can take your choice of at least two of them which would do Socialist service if lifted from "Il Piccolo Marat." This all happened in the troublous north of Italy. It caused a tremendous sensation southwards, toward official Rome. But Mascagni did not mind. One look at the big, broad-shouldered, leonine old fellow that he is to-day convinces you of his absolute independence of spirit. He has a burning eye; his hair is grayer than it may have been ten years ago but it still lifts away from his huge forehead in a wave of anger. And he has wit, a ready, droll, memorable wit, and a tongue to speak it with. Whether he makes music or speeches, Italy listens. He says what he pleases, writes what he pleases. He makes his audience wait almost two full acts until he gives it that panacea for all operatic ills, the love duet; they appreciate it the more for the waiting. He launches his première of a ticklishly revolutionary libretto in Rome itself—Rome, the stronghold of Nationalism; and royalty vies with rowdies to crowd the house. Bluntly, courageously, he has seized the Italian heart once again. His picture is in every shop window. His opera is in every music store. He tours the country with a "Piccolo Marat" company under his own direction and fills big amphitheaters and arenas. For the first time since "Iris" he is the master of operatic Italy.

There is a chance of seeing him, of speaking with him perhaps, if you make the run to Verona, where he is just now conducting the opera in huge, open-air performances. Of the intervening years between "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Il Piccolo Marat," he will not want to say much. He has worked hard, written much, written his best. That long stretch of operas, of which only "Iris" has achieved anything like an international popularity, must speak for itself. Rather, the "Piccolo Marat" must speak for the lot.

The arena in Verona has the stars for canopy, and the moon gives glimpses of towers and little hills through which the exiled Dante wandered and one Romeo came courting. Between acts, when Maestro Mascagni seeks a little

quiet and a deep breath of the soft Italian air, you may catch him in a mood for reminiscence.

Ask him, for instance, how he came to write "Il Piccolo Marat."

The moonlight, the restful moment may have calmed away all else which he might have told you of the class warfare, the bloodshed in Bologna, Venice and Milan, only a year ago. He has a different sort of answer now:

"How have I come to write any of my operas? How did I come to write 'Cavalleria Rusticana?' It has not always been the same with me as then, but the spirit has always remained. At twenty-six, at fifty-eight, I have always had difficulties to conquer. Who has not?"

"In those days it was the harsh life of the Conservatory, the trips I must make, the fatigue, the delusions which accompanied the director of a light opera company; then, finally, the residence at little Cerignola, where I was given charge of a philharmonic school and continued to study and compose. . . . I still found time to occupy myself with my 'Ratcliff,' although in almost two and a half years I had been carrying it around with me.

"But I felt confusedly that, if I was to make myself known it must be by a work of a smaller scope; the idea of 'Cavalleria Rusticana' had been in my head for several years. A deputy from Livorno, my home town, had died, and I profited by the reduced railroad rate which I got as an elector to go back there and beg a dear friend of mine, Targione, to make me a libretto. He would not think of it."

Maestro Mascagni goes on with the bitter little recital of merely finding a librettist for what became, perhaps, the most popular opera of the last half-century. He used to trudge over to Canosa to give extra lessons, in order that he might gain a few extra liras to pay some local poet for the task. The sum was never realized. It was the friend Targione who finally capitulated and set to work.

"While I was waiting I thought over the entire finale. It seemed to me that that sentence, 'hanno ammazzato compare Turiddu,' shrieked in my ears, but I must find the musical phrase for it, and the orchestral accompaniment which would bring it out finally so as to awaken the strongest impression. I did not know how to go about it, but finally it flashed across my brain with lightning rapidity one morning as I was walking down the main street of Canosa on my way to give a lesson.

"And this was the same chord of seventh which is maintained scrupulously in the manuscript. Thus my opera was begun at the finish!

"When I received by post the first chorus of the libretto I said eagerly to my wife:

"To-day we are going to make a big expense."

"What sort of an expense?"

"An alarm clock!"

"And what are you going to do with it?"

"I am going to get up early tomorrow morning and commence to write *Cavalleria Rusticana*."

"This expense must have made a big alteration in our monthly account book, but it was granted to me without difficulty. We went out together to buy it and, after



DRAWN BY S. D. RUNTUN

The Vicarious Rover

By BERTON BRALEY

I'd like to go forth to the ends of the earth

On a proud and a splendid ship;

But I would be sick in my stateroom berth

For all o' the weary trip;

And though I may long for a foreign strand

With its sights and its sounds and smells,

I'm somewhat afraid that I couldn't stand

The food in their strange hotels.

Oh it must be bully to wander far

Under the stars and sun;

But the freight is high on a motor car,

And it might prove hard to run

Through jungles and wastes that they tell about

In countries beyond the sea,

So I find myself in a state of doubt

Which fearfully hampers me.

For I'm an adventurer at heart

Who dreams of the long, long trail

But somehow or other I do not start,

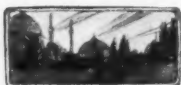
My courage is wont to fail,

So I roam in spirit and not in flesh

And cling to my quiet nooks

And revel in roving ever-fresh

Through Kipling's and London's books.



much dispute, spent nine lires for it. I think that, if ever I go back to Cerignola, I shall find it there in good shape.

"I went off early to bed. But this time it did me no good to do so. For during the night (it was the third of February, 1889) at precisely three o'clock was born Mimi, my darling daughter, the first of my series!

"But I kept my promise to myself. That morning I commenced to write the first chorus of 'Cavalleria Rusticana.'"

Maestro Mascagni waits awhile, tosses his wonderful gray mane, smiles with the moon.

"The rest," says he, "belongs to history. I came to Rome in February, 1890, to introduce my opera to the judicial commission which thought it worthy of public trial in theater. I came back to

Cerignola with my head in the air. I was chosen almost immediately to carry on in Milan the same work I had been doing in Cerignola. Then they sent for me to come to Rome again to put 'Cavalleria' into rehearsal. And I didn't have a penny to my name. I couldn't ask the bank to help me because, in spite of the opinion of a friendly cashier, my signature had been turned in more than once too often. It was Edward Sonzogno, the publisher, who finally came to the rescue and generously relieved my embarrassment."

So that was the Mascagni of 1890 and "Cavalleria Rusticana." And this, in turn—this big, impressive figure who bulks so mightily against the moonlit background of Verona—is the Mascagni of 1921 and "Il Piccolo Marat." The ad-

venture, the power, the patience have not gone out of his face. The labor of his many operas is written deeply on his brow; but these lines fail to cross out the splendid fearlessness, the keenness which were there from the days of his hardships.

The crowd in the arena is commencing to applaud impatiently. Presently the lights go dim. Maestro Mascagni can afford to take one last deep breath and smile a quizzical little smile at the swelling applause. Even those of us who heard the première of the new opera in Rome did not hear so tremendous a clapping and calling aloud as is preparing now to greet his entrance.

So, supremely happy, he goes into the arena. He has won his ovation from two Italies, a generation apart.

Can We Control the Weather?—(Concluded from page 384)

order to fill the space thus left, currents of colder air rush in, which in turn become heated and ascend. As a general rule, the upward motion of air-currents is gradual; occasionally, however, it is rapid, and under such circumstances the moisture in the upper atmosphere soon condenses into drops. A vast amount of water in the liquid state may remain suspended in an ascending current if the upward velocity be great. If, for any reason, the upward movement of the air is checked, the suspended water falls to the ground. A "cloud burst" may be obtained by this means. A large fire, which suddenly begins, and as suddenly terminates, may, therefore, at times, induce rain; but this method is very uncertain, and depends, largely, upon the presence at the time of considerable quantities of water-vapor in the upper atmosphere, which, in a prolonged dry sea-

son, is, as a usual thing, not present.

A third method, proposed by Mr. L. Gathman, of Chicago, in 1891, was to "suddenly chill the atmosphere by very rapid evaporation." He believed that liquefied carbonic gas was the most efficient. This and other similar methods have been tried—so far with negligible success.

We now come to a very generally accepted belief—viz., that *explosions*, or *concussions*, cause rain. It has been said that after every great battle, a heavy rain storm has resulted; and it has also been contended that the incessant rainy weather along the Western front, during the late war, was caused, in large part, by the terrific explosions of the big guns, "which never rested."

So far as experiments have been carried, it may be said that there is no conclusive evidence that violent concussions

will produce rain, except in cases where the upper atmosphere is already charged with water vapor. In such cases it is thought that cloud particles may be driven together until brought into contact, when they are united into larger particles, and fall as rain drops. Various experiments with high explosives have failed to produce rain, provided this preliminary condition was lacking. It cannot be said, therefore, that we can "make rain" by resorting to this extremely interesting method—contrary to general belief!

It is possible, however, that dense volumes of *smoke* (such as would be released by big guns) might assist in the production of rain—again provided the air be in a moist condition. Condensation is thereby greatly facilitated, and a fall of rain might in some cases be determined.

A Great Day in Our American History: September 17, 1787

(Concluded from page 379)

Another memorably dramatic moment of the session was when Mr. Alexander Hamilton, who was known to be strongly opposed to the Constitution as not giving enough power to the national government, agreed to sign it individually as a delegate from New York, and expressed himself as anxious that every other member should sign.

"Is it possible," he asked, "to deliberate between anarchy and convulsion on one side, and the chance of good to be expected from the plan on the other?"

Opinions are freely expressed around the capital that the document will be criticised in many quarters by extremists of both factions—those who fear a strong national government and those who believe that a government of almost autocratic centralized powers is the young nation's only hope of salvation from anarchy.

The document as it stands to-day is a splendid monument to the ability of

men who hold widely divergent views to effect a courageous compromise.

The vexing problem of the amount of power to be granted to the President has been settled by an agreement that the chief's executive's term shall be a short one, and that his power to make appointments and to conclude treaties shall be limited by the Senate.

The composition of the Senate, too, has come about as a result of temperate compromise. The small States are given equal representation here with the largest. The larger States are placated for this by being given heavier representation in the lower House.

Another triumph in difficult compromise is the ingenious device of an Electoral College, as a method of choosing the President. Between the elements who dread the possible tyranny of a small aristocratic group and those who stand in equal dread of the kind of choice that might be made by an ignorant rabble the

clash was long and bitter. But at last they both have been reconciled to seeing the chief executive chosen by a college of electors.

The compromise on slavery is, of course, not so satisfactory. It postpones another inevitable clash. But when that clash comes, the young nation may be better prepared to handle it without peril to the safety of our national existence.

(Our correspondent acknowledges his great debt for the materials of this dispatch to Mr. Albert Rosenthal and to John A. Kasson's "History of the Formation of the Constitution." This work is contained in a "History of the Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Promulgation of the Constitution of the United States," edited by Hampton L. Carson, which also contains Mr. Rosenthal's etchings and the photogravure of the famous Stuart portrait of Washington reproduced herewith.)



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Conducted by THEODORE WILLIAMS

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THE important part played by corporation issues in the business and life of the nation is perhaps not fully realized by the average American. Stocks and bonds to the aggregate of many more billions than make up the national debt have been set afloat, and are yearly being added to in an immense amount. This takes no account of government, State, city and lesser municipal obligations, the sum of which also is vast. We are dealing here with only the paper tokens of the numberless private organizations. Primarily these were issued to finance enterprises, to enable the utilizing of natural resources, the building of plants and the establishing of facilities for production and distribution of commodities. They were necessary to the starting or expanding of businesses, a matter most essential to national development and prosperity. Without them a multitude of new companies could not have raised the funds they needed to get into operation; and but for them numerous undertakings that have been of signal service to the country would not to-day have been in existence.

However much inveighed against, corporations are not a mere transient device, doomed soon to pass away. They have been evolved out of the business necessities of modern civilization and have come to stay. The majority of them are useful to the community, and we cannot look forward to the time when they can be prudently abolished. Since they are everywhere in evidence and their activities affect millions of people, their condition and prospects are of import, and should be of interest to every citizen. The industrial and financial situation is closely

wrapped up with and more or less influenced by the funded debts and the shares of the corporations. As these rise or fall in value they to some extent indicate the trend of business and the country's material progress. Nobody can clearly understand the business outlook who ignores the movements of the securities market.

It is considered conservative for business men to pay

no attention to the stock market. But they take that attitude at their peril. The market deserves to be studied like every other feature of the world of affairs. Its bearing on the money market and credit is readily seen, and that alone might be of occasional importance to the heads of con-

NOTICE

MANY readers have been inquiring, "What has become of 'Jasper'?" "Jasper" was the pen-name assumed by the late John A. Sleicher, when on July 6, 1889, he founded this department, which has now been in existence over thirty-two years and is the oldest feature of its kind in any American weekly newspaper. About nineteen years ago the present editor of the department joined LESLIE'S staff, became identified with its financial comment and correspondence and in course of time took exclusive charge of the department, though the name, "Jasper," was retained until Mr. Sleicher's definite retirement. The department's old-time policy of trying to tell the truth about securities, of warning readers against undesirable issues, and of aiding them to make sound investments is still being faithfully pursued.

The degree in which corporations prosper is usually shown by the quotations for their securities. The stock exchange figures reveal how amply corporations are supplying the necessities of consumers and whether they are strong competitors in their respective fields. The former fact is of concern to the public; the latter to rivals in trade.

But apart from all other considerations the securities market is worth knowing about because of the investment requirements of thrifty individuals. There are hosts of these throughout the land, and only a small percentage appear to be making good use of their savings. Judging by the letters I frequently receive, the low-priced, purely speculative gambles have a powerful attraction for a raft of persons. These inquirers have already risked, or are eager to risk, their hard-earned cash on worthless or doubtful scraps of papers. Only their ignorance of what constitutes a sound investment leads the unlucky ones to loss and some-

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Under this Heading "Free Booklets for Investors"

on page 392 you will find a descriptive list of booklets and circulars of information, which will be of great value in arranging your investments to produce maximum yield with safety. A number of them are prepared especially for the smaller investor and the "beginner in investing."

times ruin. Had they been duly posted on the difference between reliable and unsound corporation issues, tens of thousands of persons would now have been in better circumstances and a happier frame of mind.

There is ordinarily no more profitable way to dispose of one's surplus capital, be it large or small, than to invest it in the soundest stocks or bonds. To discover these, somebody must give serious consideration to the stock market, and those who have not the time or gift for this should seek the advice of those whose mission it is to guide them. Mistakes cannot perhaps be entirely avoided, but it is well to eliminate as much unsafety as possible. Knowledge of the securities market is not recommended merely for purposes of speculation. But it is the investor's truest safeguard to perfectly legitimate profits. At this time of extremely depressed values acquaintance with the market discloses opportunities for money making that may not recur in a decade or two. It has been said that the public is not now in the market because its buying power is for the present exhausted. But there seems to be no lack of buying power whenever a highly attractive new bond issue is brought out. There is still left much latent buying power and it would be exercised on an extensive scale to-day had investors more courage and a clearer insight into the possibilities.

Answers to Inquirers

A. ALBANY, N. Y.: Among the railroad preferred stocks which at present are inviting, and probably safe, may be named Atchison, B. & O., Chicago Northwestern, Rock Island 7 per cent. and 6 per cent., C. C. C. & St. L., Colorado & Southern first preferred, Kansas City Southern, New York, Chicago & St. Louis first preferred, Pere Marquette prior, Pittsburgh & West Virginia, and Union Pacific. Low market prices make the yields on these stocks liberal.

B. MINNEAPOLIS, N. Y.: The decline of Merritt Oil stock has been due to the depression in the oil industry, the passing of the dividend and the report that the company intended to halt production entirely. The shares seem now to be in the long-pull class.

C. TRENTON, N. J.: Owing to a certain amount of improvement in the motor car industry, the Commonwealth Finance Corporation reports a marked increase in earnings. The corporation's main income has come from financing automobile transactions. The corporation has passed through its legal troubles and is paying dividends, but the stock is still more of a speculation than an investment.

D. BALTIMORE, Md.: General Motors' semi-annual report made a favorable showing, but the market was perverse and the shares weakened for the time being. General Motors, however, is one of the strongest corporations in its field and it should eventually weather the gale in fine shape.

W. CANAAN, N. Y.: There are two stocks forming a class by themselves, which should have greater speculative possibilities than any other issue on the market. These are American Hide & Leather preferred, whose nominal dividend rate is 7 per cent., but which is 11½ per cent. in arrears, and International Mercantile Marine preferred now paying its full 6 per cent., but still 4½ per cent. in arrears. Hide & Leather preferred had been paying full dividends for quite a period, but owing to the business dullness had to pass them. The company's financial position has lately been bettered and there has been talk of a possible resumption of the preferred dividend. Mercantile Marine preferred's dividend is not considered wholly secure because of the slump in the shipping business. But if there should be a revival of commerce the preferred's return will be assured and the company may resume payment of instalments of the arrears. The future of these two issues cannot be forecasted with certainty, but they seemingly offer opportunities for profit superior to those of other moderate-priced issues.

J. HEMPSTEAD, L. I.: The American Hide & Leather Co. is at present in a stronger position than the Central Leather Co., and American Hide & Leather preferred is more to be desired than Central Leather preferred.

G. HUDSON, N. Y.: There is nothing in sight to encourage holders of United Retail Candy stock. Competition has adversely affected the company's earnings and the shares have had a marked decline. Dividends are a long way off and the stock is too speculative for buyers of limited means.

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K., NEW HAVEN, CONN.: The reorganization and merger of the Maxwell and Chalmers Motor Companies is practically completed. The promoters of this deal express optimistic views, but if you are prudent you will wait awhile, to see how the new combination works out before you invest in the stock.

P., TOLEDO, OHIO: Advance-Rumely preferred discounted by a heavy fall in price the reduction in its quarterly dividend from \$1.50 to .75 cents. At the current quotation it is a fair purchase. The dividend is cumulative.

N., NEWBURGH, N. Y.: The 6 per cent. bonds of the State of South Dakota which were offered at a price to yield 5½ per cent. are thoroughly sound. South Dakota has not had its financial position disturbed and weakened by political agitation as has been the luck of North Dakota. South Dakota's credit is above question. You can safely buy its bonds.

R., CHICAGO, ILL.: The 6 per cent. bonds of the Provincial Government of British Columbia were offered at a price to yield about 7½ per cent. Principal and interest are payable in United States gold coin. The issue is attractive and safe.

J., BROOKLYN, N. Y.: The recent bear attack in Mexican Petroleum was, as you say, "the rawest kind of a deal." Such things cannot be entirely prevented, but the Governors of the New York Stock Exchange should, and no doubt will, strive to punish the party who started the lie that Mexican Petroleum's dividend was to be deferred. I am glad that you were not scared into selling your shares at a loss. Your purchase seems bound to turn out well in the end.

O., SANDUSKY, O.: You might put half of your \$1,000 into United States of Brazil 8 per cent. bonds and the remainder into Westinghouse 7½. There's a liberal yield for you with safety.

S., DES MOINES, IOWA: It seems reasonably safe to invest your children's trust fund of \$1,000 in the real estate bonds you mention. The so-called absolutely gilt-edged bonds make a smaller return.

B., NEW BEDFORD, MASS.: I have had many inquiries regarding the stocks of the L. R. Steele Service Corporation and the Charles Weeghman Chain of Restaurants. Both concerns appear to have got no farther than the development stage and their shares must be classed as speculative only.

D., NORTH TOPEKA, KAN.: In view of the questionable transactions in connection with the promotion of the Telepost Company, some years ago, and the poor prospect of any success for it, it would appear unwise to risk any more money on its stock. Why throw good dollars after bad?

L., ORANGE, N. J.: I have had no statement as to the holdings and earnings of the Toyah Valley Sulphur Co. It seems to be a comparatively young concern, not yet in the dividend-paying stage. If that be true, its stock must be speculative and the asking price of \$5 per share of the par value of \$10, is altogether too high. So many sulphur ventures have proved unprofitable—except to their promoters—that you had better be very careful about putting money into this one. Demand a good show of earnings and some sign of dividends before you buy the stock.

L., CHICAGO, ILL.: Both Swift & Co. and Great Northern bonds have an excellent rating and are readily marketable. They are in the investment class and are desirable at current prices. What price you could get in case you wished to sell some time would depend on the market situation at the time. You might get less, or you might get more than you paid. This is true regarding all securities and investors must always take a chance on that. No report on the affairs of the biscuit company you name has reached me, but its issues do not appear to be actively dealt in. The bonds of the other two companies are preferable. Neither International India Rubber Co. nor Elgin Motor Car Company's stock is

"a good buy." They are non-dividend payers and at best, long-pull speculations.

H., PHILADELPHIA, PA.: It is not advisable to sell your Tobacco Products Export shares at a serious loss. The stock is a long-pull and making no profit for holders, but the concern is well backed and the stock should in time sell higher than it now does.

M., CHADRON, NEB.: Beers & Co. is a concern of considerable strength and its bonds have merit. But there are more active and desirable issues. I suggest first-class equipment bonds like N. Y. Central 7½, Southern Pacific 7½ and Union Pacific 7½. "A business man's investment" is one in which a wide-awake and well-posted man of affairs takes a chance that would be somewhat risky for the average poorly informed and slow-moving investor.

C., CONCORDIA, KAN.: Standard Gas & Electric Co. 6½ are well thought of and reasonably well secured. Oklahoma Gas & Electric Co. 7½'s also are among attractive public utilities. Equipment bonds of leading companies rank with the safest securities. A number of these pay as high as 7 per cent. The difference between notes and bonds is sometimes not very great. Notes are usually short-term obligations, either secured or unsecured. Bonds are mostly mortgages on a company's assets, and are long-term. But sometimes they are not better secured than are notes and they may run for very limited periods.

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Investors' Bonds have become popular because of their safety, their liberal yield of 7 per cent., and the fact that they can be bought on partial payment. They are based on valuable income-producing city property, and a leading bank puts much money into them. Full details are set forth in booklets No. 1-137, furnished by the Investors Company, Madison & Kedzie State Bank, Chicago, or Inter-Southern Building, Louisville, Ky.

The interesting new pamphlet, "Two Men and Their Money," published by G. L. Miller & Co., Inc., 118 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga., describes the ways in which two men invested their savings and tells the results in each case. The story makes a strong appeal to every reader. Miller & Co. deal in first mortgage bonds in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000, yielding 8 per cent., and sell them on partial payments, if desired. They will send a copy of their helpful pamphlet to any applicant.

Puts and calls guaranteed by members of the New York Stock Exchange, are offered by S. H. Wilcox & Co., 233 Broadway, New York, who will send their descriptive circular L to anybody on request.

No financial house's weekly survey of the situation is more appreciated by, or has been more valuable to, business men and investors than the *Bache Review*. Copies free on application to J. S. Bache & Co., 45 Broadway, New York.

The opinion is widespread in financial circles that the equipment stocks are destined to play an important part when the next boom in the stock market is staged. The current weekly market review issued by Charles H. Clarkson & Co., 66 Broadway, New York, analyzes such well-known issues as Baldwin Locomotive, American Locomotive, Railway Steel Spring, American Car & Foundry, and Haskell & Barker. All these stocks have merit and the average investor would do well to be thoroughly posted on them. A copy of this informing review will be sent on request for bulletin LW-67.

Scott & Stump, investment securities, 40 Exchange Place, New York, are of the opinion that maximum investment safety, coupled with proper return on one's money, can best be obtained in high-grade railroad issues. They give their reasons for this view in "Investment Survey No. 26," which will be mailed to any address, together with the firm's "August Pocket Manual R-6," giving high and low prices of all active stocks and bonds.

Why Not Build Airships in America?

(Concluded from page 387)

be done, but why not do it ourselves? The longer we hold ourselves dependent on foreign airships and foreign governments the more likely we are to have another catastrophe like that of the ZR-2 when we do start. Count Zeppelin was the first to see that airships should be big and built on engineering principles. But there is no secret about the engineering knowledge necessary to build such an airship—one with sufficient strength to meet all the requirements of ordinary flight. The United States has the resources, her engineers the ability to build a dirigible and her meteorologists and navigators the data to steer it.

Besides all this we have a wonderful advantage of a practical monopoly of the non-inflammable helium gas. A large plant has already been constructed in Texas, and a pipe line extending all the way into the oil fields of that State to convey the gas to the chemical laboratories. Although there might not have

been enough gas available to inflate and maintain inflation in a ship the size of the ZR-2 at the time the order was placed for that dirigible, nevertheless it was fairly clear that enough would be available at the time the ship was finished. At the present time the Government has at Fort Worth, Tex., 20,000,000 cubic feet of helium in 100,000 cylinders containing 200 cubic feet each of this non-inflammable gas, which has almost the lifting capacity of hydrogen. The ZR-2 had a hydrogen capacity of 2,700,000 cubic feet. This is the strongest argument possible for the original development of the rigid type of airship in this country.

Let us hope that our Government will have learned its lesson to rely on American skill, ingenuity and scientific knowledge to build our own instruments of war as well as those of peace, to the end that each shall help in the development of the other.

Butch's Baby

(Continued from page 386)

guy I saved it from will wonder what he spent it fer, and ferget it."

"Still, Butch—" but I thought better of it, and said nothing. I felt that I had lost a friend. The attraction of rough, straightforward honesty seemed slipping from this stalwart companion of mine. No good would come of it.

"Money won't do it alone," I remarked one evening as we sat reviewing Dawly's latest accomplishments at "patty cake."

"I been thinkin' the same meself, Bill," he agreed.

The sad seriousness in his voice made me gulp a little at the paternal dreams of this hulking exaggeration of a man. I wondered whether this reflection would make him content to live straight.

NOT much more than a week after Dawly had come to her new home, she entertained visitors. One was an overgrown walrus in a fedora and a brown-and-white check coat, with trousers to match; with him came a robust dignitary in a dark blue uniform of a cut sometimes seen about the city. Butch, knew both of them. Brewster he called the civilian; the patrolman was McShane.

"Nice family circle," growled Brewster. "Nice kid y' got there, Butch. Yours by yer last wife, ain't it?"

The gleam of suspicion in Brewster's eye lifted the anxiety that seemed to tighten Butch's face. His thick mouth broadened: "So it's Dawly ye're cur'ous about?" it seemed to say; "that's not so bad."

"Might's well tell 's the truth," continued the plainclothesman, shuffling a pack of photographs. "What kid is it? The Jamesons, the Goldthwaites, or the Donaldsons would be about your meat."

"Set down, Brewster," invited Butch cordially, "and have a chat. You wasted a lot o' gumshoeing to-night. This ain't one o' yer million-dollar babies; this here is Dawly Rooney, one o' Mary Rooney's kids."

"Smith'd be a better name, McNaughton," remarked the other sarcastically, "or Brown, or Jones. Get ready and come along. Bring the kid, McShane."

"Wait a minute, Brewster," laughed Butch, "you don't wanta get joshed off the force. This here kid ain't no kid-napee. Look at yer pictur' cards 'n' see fer yerself."

"I suppose you got it up here takin' care of it jest outa the kindness o' yer heart, eh? Don't hand us none o' that stuff. They's seven 'r eight here that look just like it."

Butch grew suddenly serious.

"Rich kids, ain't they?"

"Some," remarked Brewster sardonically. "It don't pay to sneak 'em from the East Side."

"Got big social persition, most o' them, eh?"

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"Come on, come on," interrupted Brewster. "Can the chatter."
 "Aw right," Butch yielded. "Lemme see the pictur's once, will y'?"

Reluctantly the officer allowed him to glance at the several likenesses of the missing children of the wealthy.

"Brewster, you got me. There ain't no use o' chewin' the sock no longer. I'll carry the kid, Mac."

I thought he picked her up a little more tenderly than usual.

"Bill," he said, turning to me, "take this twenty and run up to the Eureka Emporium; get Dawly a fancy dress 'n' some silk stockin's 'n' some white shoes 'n' a cap. Y'see, Brewster, we chucked the glad rags the kid had on before. And y' don't mind stoppin' 'n' lettin' Mrs. Mulcahy wash her up a bit?"

WHEN Dawly arrived at headquarters she was dressed like a princess and smiled and shone like a cherub. Brewster went over the photographs and descriptions with a man at a desk. Being a girl, of about ten or twelve months, with blue eyes and light hair, Dawly narrowed the field of possibilities down to three: Gladys Jameson, Jane Schultzman and Isabelle Goldthwaite. Gladys had been missing only a few days; it was out of the question that Dawly be mistaken for her. Jane had been gone a month; there was a bare chance that a marked resemblance might deceive her parents. Isabelle had been kidnapped some six months before and had been given up as dead. No parents could, in my mind, be so blind as to mistake our Dawly of the filthy alley, for their own child; but six months is a long time, and parents with social duties might not see much of their children. It was a long, long chance; but I saw a glint in my friend's hard eyes that told me he was willing to risk his liberty and perhaps his life on that chance.

I don't like to recall the visits of those parents. Mrs. Jameson showed the effects of recent hysteria. Her yearning eyes sought those of Dawly, and she broke into tears, shaking her head. Mrs. Schultzman, a small, thin woman, was quieter, but white as paste. She stared blankly at Dawly and clutched her fingers nervously into white-knuckled fists.

"Right calf," she said mechanically, "strawberry."

But there was no birthmark on Dawly's leg; and Mrs. Schultzman went out, her youthful, gray-haired husband comforting her dumbly.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Goldthwaite were the last to arrive. He was a straight, good-looking fellow, his eyes drawn close in a perpetual frown, his mouth set unnaturally thin. She was a sweet little woman, dressed in deep black. She leaned trustingly on her husband's arm. At the sight of Dawly, now removed from Butch's reluctant arms to a place of honor on the desk, she cried out and ran toward her. Halfway she stopped.

"Tell me!" she sobbed. "Tell me it's my Bella! I don't know! I don't know!"

I saw my friend slowly lower his head in shame, and nod. At this lying confession the little mother snatched Dawly up and hugged her to her breast as if she were her own. Now it was Butch's fingers that twitched, and he cast furtive glances toward his own sweet Dawly, now lost forever.

I WENT to see Butch in his cell the next afternoon.

"Bill, I hope that there little woman never finds out. She's jest the mother fer Dawly. Next to Dawly I think I love her most. God, how I hate to give my little kid up! She'll be a leddy though, Bill; a reel leddy 'n' a good leddy."

His voice grew husky.

"Have you seen a lawyer yet?"

"Yeah. Sweeney from Klaw 'n' Van Shuyster was here. I give it to him straight, 'n' he said I'd only get a year at most without nothin' leakin' out. A year's a long time, ain't it, Bill? But it's worth it for a young 'un like Dawly. Jest think o' her, livin' in a swell place with anything she wants, 'n' growin' up edicated like any leddy. Bill, it sure is worth it!"

ANOTHER visitor appeared in the corridor. He was thin, gray, ragged, and unshaven. He eyed me askance and shot uneasy looks at the guard standing some yards away.

"Hello, there, Spi—Mr. Foley," exclaimed Butch, noting the terror-stricken face. "Spike Toohey," he whispered to me. "Old timer." Then he continued in his normal voice: "Meet me friend Bill, Mr. Foley. Where y' been?"

"Nowhere," returned the other in a low tone. "Say, how'd you happen to get hold o' that Goldthwaite kid?"

Butch evidently realized Spike was not one with whom to beat around the bush.

"Don't get excited, Mr. Foley. That ain't the Goldthwaite kid; but keep it quiet, if y' want yer health."

"Not the Goldthwaite kid!" gasped Spike hoarsely. "What's the idea then?"

"Jest a kid o' me own what I want to get a free edication. Neat scheme, eh?"

"Fool scheme!" retorted the other, with a shiver, "with the chair ahead o' you, maybe. Well, I guess you can't help me much; I come fer information. Y'see, I don't like to brag, but between you 'n' me, Gus Schneider 'n' me stole that Goldthwaite kid?"

"You! Where is it?"

"That's the hell of it. It died, I guess."

"Y' guess! Don't y' know?"

"Well, no; not exactly. Y' see, after they lays a trap fer us, we goes out west fer some air, 'n' we give the kid to Mary Rooney to take care of, 'n' she was found dead on the street. I don't know what happened to the kid."

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